CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

November 1, 1947
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EDITORIALS

WE CAN'T LEAVE IT ALL TO UNCLE SAM

WHAT PLANS if any, has the Canadian Government made for our own share in putting Europe back on its feet?

So far, all the talk in official circles has centred on what Canada will get out of the Marshall Plan. It would solve our dollar problem—if that is—the Americans agree to let some of their dollar loans or gifts to Europe be spent on Canadian goods.

But the Europeans can't eat dollars. American or Canadian. They need food, clothing, fuel, machinery, and they need more of these things than North America can comfortably spare. The supplying countries will have to go short themselves in order to send abroad an adequate share of their plenty, and this means Canada as well as the United States. We can't go on complacently counting on American aid to bail us out of our own troubles, and at the same time doing nothing on our own. We, too, shall have to find ways of exporting more goods than we're doing now.

It won't be painless. We have been eating what we want and selling the balance, filling our own needs for textiles and machines and what not, before sending the surplus abroad. There are minor exceptions in a few cases, but it's broadly true that North Americans are filling all their own needs first.

That will not be enough if the Marshall Plan is to do what it sets out to do. To meet foreign needs we shall have to go short at home—and the question "How to do it" is full of political dynamite.

In our view, the only right answer is the courageous answer. In wartime Canada did not shrink from the difficulties of sacrifice in spite of a loud clamor. The crisis of 1947-48 is as real as any that went before it and will have to be met with the same disregard of momentary discomforts. We believe the Canadian people will rise to this as to the previous occasion. Whenever the Government has told them clearly of the need for any particular action in the sphere of economics or foreign affairs, the people have been ready to respond.

To Sell, We Have to Buy

AT THE end of next May, Canada will launch something never tried before in this country—an International Trade Fair, designed to give foreign buyers and sellers a look at each other's goods and at our own.

So far, applications have been received from 24 countries outside Canada, for a total of more than a thousand exhibitors. There will be 125 from Britain, 80 from Czechoslovakia, 60 (and probably more to come) from the United States, 54 from Switzerland, 40 from Brazil, and smaller groups from 19 other lands.

It's all part of the attempt to make Canadians import-conscious and the whole world once more trade-conscious. We now sell mostly to Britain and Europe, buy mostly from the U. S., with the result that our seemingly booming economy is in a perilous mess. We can correct the imbalance in two ways—partly by selling more goods to the United States, but equally well by buying more from our other customers.

No one expects the trade fair by itself to solve all our economic problems. But it's a step in the right direction, and it may turn out to be a longish one. Certainly it's the kind of step that merits the active support of every long-sighted Canadian businessman.

These Books Shouldn't Die

WE UNDERSTAND a group in Montreal has lately formed the Reprint Society of Canada. The Society has got hold of a good idea.

Canada has not a great volume of creative literary work, either past or present, but there are some first-rate books of history, biography and personal memoirs that Canadians ought to know far better than they do. As it is, they have little chance for many of the good books are out of print.

Sir Joseph Pope's life of Sir John A. Macdonald, long out of print, was brought out in a new edition last summer. But it should not, for example, be nearly as difficult as it is to get Dr. O. D. Skelton's excellent life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. John W. Dafoe's life of Sir Clifford Sifton, almost a history of the opening of the West, is something you pick up if you're lucky in second-hand bookshops. Interesting books like Sir John Willison's Reminiscences are almost forgotten. Even the memoirs of Sir Richard Cartwright, bitter and vindictive as they are, throw light on our past that shouldn't remain as dim as it is now to the average reader.

We hope the Reprint Society will go after the things that really need reprinting—and not content itself with new editions of that tiny shelf of Canadiana which is already pretty well known.



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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

YOUR forelock may be somewhat ruffled by the on shore breeze freshening from the vicinity of page 17 and our reproduction of the Frederick Varley oil painting "Stormy Weather, Georgian Bay." You'll have nothing on the artist. Varley made his first sketch for the painting 27 years ago and still remembers that he had to keep blowing on his fingers as they stiffened around the crayon.

"Stormy Weather, Georgian Bay," was painted shortly after Varley finished a first war assignment as a Canadian War artist. A native of Sheffield, England, where he was born in 1881, he had come to this country first in 1912, in time to participate in the beginnings of a revolution which is still regarded as the most important single event in the history of Canadian art. The revolution became official in 1919 with the formation of the Group of Seven, and Varley was one of the Group's original members. "Stormy Weather" reflects the bold colorful treatment of Canadian scenes which distinguished the work of Tom Thomson, A. Y. Jackson, Arthur Lismer, J. E. H. MacDonald and other pioneers of that period.

Varley still works hard at his painting in a densely cluttered studio in Toronto and is still developing as a painter. His style is looser and more impressionistic than it was in the Group of Seven days. "I am increasingly interested in moods—moods of the landscape or of the persons I paint," he said recently.

●We've never made a count of the number of ladies who get mad at us in the course of a year, but if we could depend on an end result as satisfactory as Catherine Gavin's "I'll Take Europe" (page 16) we'd be able to bear up indefinitely.

Dr. Gavin recently made an extended trip to this part of the world and was already on the way home when she read Richard McMillan's pessimistic farewell to Europe in our Aug. 15 issue. She got right off the train and came up to see us, fire in her eye and the first draught of McMillan's come-uppance in her brief case.

We're walking out on the argument right here, but first we feel we ought to say that Dr. Gavin, like the gentleman on the other side of the floor, picked up her prejudices from close personal observation over a period of many years. An Aberdonian by birth, she was educated at Aberdeen University and the Sorbonne in Paris. After lecturing in history at the Universities of Aberdeen and Glasgow, she began writing feature articles for the Glasgow Bulletin in 1933, later serving as a war correspondent in Northwest Europe for Lord Kemsley and in the Middle East for the London Daily Express. She was transferred to the Express Paris staff at the end of the war, and is back in Paris now as editor of the French edition of Trend.

The Editors



Frederick Varley. After 35 years his art still grows.





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FIVE MINUTES before the storm hits Main Street. Not much time to get ready for the howling fury of the wind and the rain. And, it's too late to start wishing for weatherproof roof protection that isn't there. Bad weather is something to be prepared for well in advance.

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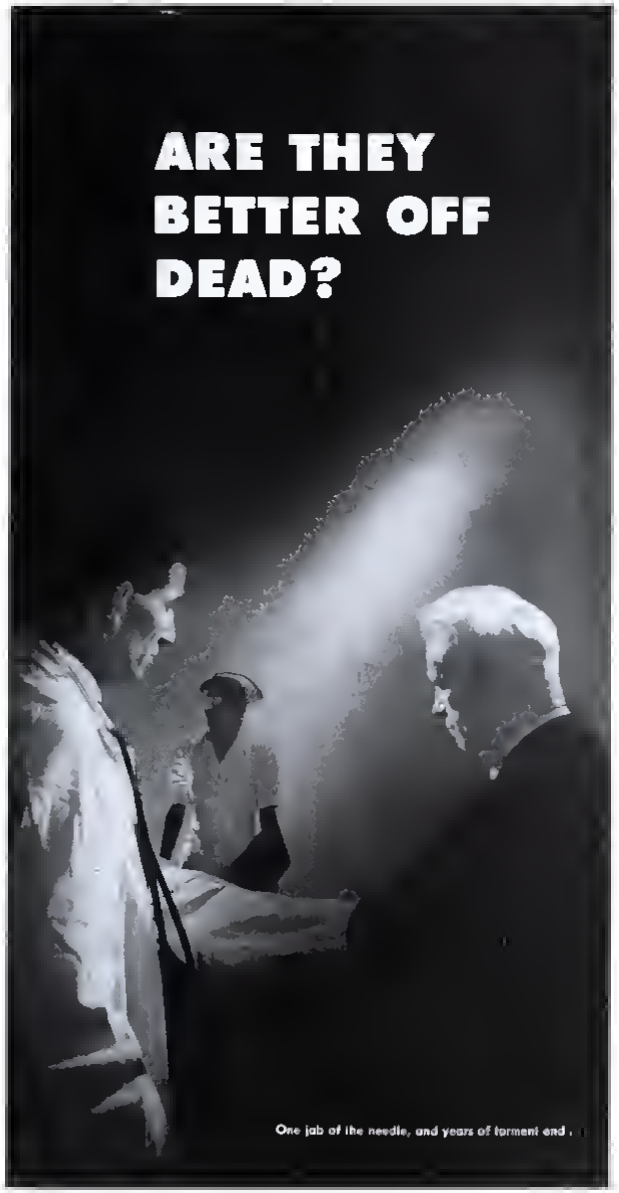
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Canada's National Magazine
MACLEAN'S
NOVEMBER 1, 1947



By SIDNEY KATZ

ON A stormy winter day in December, 1941, legal history was made in a Calgary, Alta., courthouse.

The principals in the case being heard by Justice S. J. Shepherd of the Alberta Supreme Court were Mr. and Mrs. Victor Ramberg. They were charged with murder.

Without prompting, they had confessed to the court that they had deliberately taken the life of their 2½-year-old son. Yet after only 10 minutes of deliberation, the jury returned with a verdict of "Not Guilty."

The full significance of this decision was not appreciated at the time; bombs had rained down on Pearl Harbor only a few days before and every other subject was temporarily forgotten.

Let us examine, briefly, the facts of the Ramberg case.

Victor and Dorothy Ramberg were a popular couple in their home town of Kenora, 32 miles northeast of Calgary. Their marriage was regarded as highly successful. When the baby was born, their neighbors showered them with gifts and good wishes.

It was soon discovered that the infant boy was fatally diseased. A cancerous growth was eating away at his optic nerves, leaving the child blind and threatening him with a slow and painful death.

His incessant heartbreaking shrieks drove the young couple frantic. They spent most of their savings canvassing doctor after doctor, specialist after specialist, always receiving the same sorrowful verdict.

We can't do a thing. The boy will live for another year or so in pain and then die.

Desperate, the parents made their decision one October day. Mr. Ramberg attached a rubber hose to the exhaust pipe of his car and ran it into the room where the child lay sleeping. He started up the engine and went away with his wife for several minutes. When they returned the boy was dead.

Defense Counsel A. L. Smith pointed out to the jurors that they were trying the first case in Canada with a defense based on euthanasia—or, as it is popularly referred to, "mercy killing." In concluding his address he stated:

"They loved their child and could not bear to have him suffer. If you acquit them it may begin a new era in which decent people like Vic and Dorothy Ramberg will not be classed with murderers and cutthroats because they have been merciful."

Continued on page 8

The law declares it a crime. But when a hopeless patient screams for merciful death should the physician refuse?



Ivar Haglund and eight-footed friend. Marmaduke, he says, is shy, refined.

Tempest in a Fishbowl

By PIERRE BERTON

ONE EVENING a time or visitor to Ivar Haglund's aquarium attempted to awaken a sleeping shark by tapping on the glass with a silver dollar. He was so successful that he broke the glass. The shark tumbled out into his lap and the aquarium was cleared of paying guests quicker than you can say crustacean.

To lesser men this sort of thing would be a minor calamity. But Haglund was a godsend. He quickly scooped up the shark, thrust it into a second tank, and prepared a large sign stating that this vicious, man-eating fish had been captured by captivity had muzzled the glass on the tank and attempted to escape. Business was good all that week.

It is the brand of resourcefulness that has, in 10 years, elevated 42-year-old Ivar Haglund to the position of undisputed aquarium king of the Pacific Northwest. A ruly poly somewhat sheepish looking Irish man, he commutes between his aquarium on Vancouver and Seattle in a car filled not with fish tank or the trunk compartment. His silly appearance is deceptive, for he has never lacked imagination or the ability to go after it. And stories about him and his animal menagerie have made headlines in such widely divergent publications as the Grain Navy News and the Stockholm News Day.

Sometimes lulled the newspapers coverage of Ivar has proved downright embarrassing. Last spring, for instance, the Vancouver Sun on its main city page carried a three-column headline announcing that Haglund was in town offering $5,000 for the capture of a sea serpent named the Madrona Monster which he claimed was headed for English Bay (where by chance his aquarium is situated). In the same edition on the front page under another three-column headline, a United Press dispatch from Seattle told how Haglund at that very moment was at sea off the Aleutians with an octopus named Oscar who was going to climb 5,000 feet down an undersea mountain in search for marine specimens.

"I wish these fellows would watch their release dates," said Ivar with an annoyed frown.

Thanks to the pulp magazines, the octopus is the mainstay of Ivar's business and Ivar himself has done as many things with an octopus as Howard Hughes did with Jane Russell. He has taken an octopus for walks in front of his aquarium on spring days, talked about its sex life, an guarded lures exploited it as a paragon of docility and matched it with Tony Galento.

This last exploit was probably the high point of the Haglund octopus campaign. Galento who has also wrestled ostriches and chimpanzees quickly accepted Haglund's challenge came down to Ivar's Seattle aquarium, looked at the monster, and promptly drank half a bottle of whisky. Then he shouted that the octopus had feared him and that he was the winner by default.

Ivar's recent mountain climbing expedition with Oscar III was almost as sensational. It was the news dispatches said, as unique a bit of alpine work as you could hope to see. The octopus was going to start at the top of Miller Seamount, a great underwater peak off the Aleutians, and climb all the way down while Ivar paid out the leash to which the

Continued on page 59

To publicize his aquarium, Ivar Haglund has octopuses climbing mountains, seals felling forests and newspapers eating out of his hand

Continued from page 7

Acquitted, the two saddened parents left the courtroom and walked to their freedom weeping.

The acquittal of the Rambergs touched off new discussions in Canada on an old controversial issue: is it right to end the life of a person who is racked with pain and for whom no cure is possible?

Millions of heated words have been written and spoken for and against the practice of mercy killing. Doctors, lawyers and clergymen have searched their consciences and have arrived at sharply divergent answers.

Should euthanasia be sanctified by law? If so, would it be open to abuse? Would hours of a sick invalid in certain cases take advantage of such a law to hasten his death?

Who should be eligible for euthanasia? All who are a burden to themselves and the community? Or should we permit its use only in the case of infants who are born monstrosities or mentally defective? Or would it perhaps not be best to reserve merciful release for suffering, incurable adults who voluntarily demand it?

Finally, one of the biggest posers—who should make the final decision as to who is to live and who is to die?

Advocates of euthanasia think the acquittal of the Rambergs by a Supreme Court jury is indicative of a changing public attitude. A few decades ago they will tell you, a plea of mercy killing would have been thrown out of court.

"Today," says Rev. Frances Potter, founder of the Euthanasia Society of America, "the person moved to kill out of mercy will find that the court will strive in every way to be lenient."

The Courts Show Mercy

THIS LENIENCE is reflected in many of the euthanasia cases that have come to the attention of the Canadian public during the past few years.

Take the Davis case, for example.

Late one summer night in 1942 Dr. H. A. McFarlane, the family physician, was urgently summoned to the home of 68-year-old George Herbert Davis in Elmwood, a suburban district of Winnipeg. When he got there he found the lifeless body of Mrs. Davis in the bedroom. Her head was badly beaten.

Mr. Davis explained that his wife, a chronic invalid, had been continually pleading for morphine to soothe her pain. "Tonight I felt that I couldn't stand it any more," he sobbed. "A sort of hot wave came over me."

Later Dr. McFarlane, who knew the family for years, gave newsmen the story behind the tragedy. They were fine people devoted to each other. They never quarrelled. For 16 years Mrs. Davis had been afflicted with an agonizing case of dropsy. Up until four years ago, when both her legs had been amputated, she was unable to lie down and was forced to sleep in a sitting position propped up on a chair. Lately her suffering had grown more acute.

Mr. Davis was sent to trial for murder, but a jury acquitted him.

The same sympathetic attitude is usually shown the mercy killer by the American courts.

Edith Reichert, a 28-year-old, mild mannered Brooklyn housewife, was the daughter of a Baptist minister. Her brother, George Horne, 25, had a long history of mental illness. On several occasions he had attempted suicide.

In the King's Park State Hospital, where she visited him, he often said: "This place is more than I can stand. If I had a gun I would shoot myself." The hospital records listed his case as "hopeless—recovery doubtful if at all."

Mrs. Reichert tried in every way to help her brother back to sanity, but failed. All her life she had great affection for him. When he suffered pain she suffered too. One day, on a visit to the institution, she smuggled in a sawed-off 22-calibre target rifle and fired four shots into her brother's body. As he lay bleeding to death she sighed: "It's all over now."

After extensive testimony *Continued on page 69*

BATTLE FOR COAL

To win her fight for survival Britain must lick a coal crisis that's been 20 years growing. Can she do it? Halten says yes

By MATTHEW HALTON

LONDON—Ernest Bevin makes some rash statements but he spoke sober truth when he said recently that 40 million tons of coal could change the history of Europe. Britain is now mining coal at a rate of less than 200 million tons a year dangerously too little. If she could increase that production by only one fifth, by only 40 million tons a year, the British crisis would be in sight of a solution and the general European crisis sharply alleviated.

No matter from what angle you examine Britain's crisis your attention comes back to coal. Coal is black magic; coal is almost worth its weight in gold. And there's lots of it. This country has enough coal for 200 to 400 years. And yet—maddeningly frustratingly—she can't get it out of the pits.

Every factory and generating plant in Britain, and every nation in Europe, rumors today for coal. Coal that runs the furnaces that make the fertilizer and the farm machinery that grow food. Coal that powers railways, for if that hurts lumber. If the Ruhr miners could produce more coal they could have more food. If they had more food they could produce more coal. Britain needs timber to build houses. Norway and Sweden have great supplies of timber. But they cannot import British coal because Britain has none to sell, so they burn their own timber for fuel. British industry threatens to leave the farming nations they get houses. So it goes. Round and round roll the great wheels of a vicious circle and 10 million tons of coal mean revival or decline.

"This island is built on coal and surrounded by fish," said Aneurin Bevan, hating the Conservatives one day before Labor came to power. "Only an organizing genius could produce shortages of both." Today the mines are nationalized, Rhondda Valley is no longer a "Land of Heartbreak" and miners are no longer social pariahs living on starvation wages or on the dole. But still Britain doesn't get the coal.

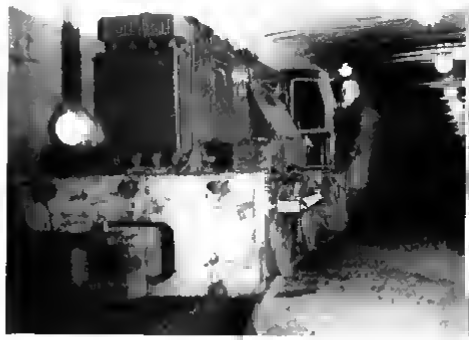
In 1911 in Great Britain 1,107,000 men produced 287 million tons of coal, of which 94 million tons were exported. In 1938, 782,000 men produced 227 million tons of which 81 million tons were exported. Last year 687,000 men produced 189 million tons of which

Continued on page 55





Above: Only 40% of Britain's miners dig coal. Rest of manpower goes to hoisting coal to surface by obsolete means like pony trucks. Below: Here mine has modern Diesel-powered trains.





Above: Miners are now better housed than formerly, have better equipment. But though machines do most of the work at the coal face, mining is still too tough, too dirty to attract enough workers.

LOST AVENUE

When you're looking for a dream to come true it helps to stop searching, fall in love and just look around

By PAUL ERNST

WHEN Pete Harley got off the train at Hampton it was bright morning and that was not the proper time of day. The proper time was dusk but he could wait for that as he had waited for the dusk in several towns near here. He wouldn't know the street he sought for sure save after sunset; if then. But meanwhile he could look around for clues. It shouldn't take him long. Hampton, sneezing on the river, had not more than a dozen up and down streets cutting in several through avenues and ending in the river so his street should end. Certainly he had ample time for breakfast... a meal for which he'd felt no appetite till now.

Pete checked his one bag at the station and went out on Hampton's main street... bareheaded in grey pants and windbreaker and grey flannel shirt open at the throat. He walked well. If slowly. You can't imagine how wonderful it is to walk well unless you've been deprived of the privilege for a while.

He turned into a lunchroom.

It was the first unaverage thing he'd seen about Hampton. It was not only clean, it was aggressively clean. It not only smelled of food, it smelled of good food. It not only had a girl behind the counter engaged at the moment in reading a thick book, it had a pretty girl behind the counter.

She was small, viewed from Pete's look height. She had hair almost black but catching dark chestnut glints from the May sun coming through the window. She had almost black eyes too, and these were alive and crammed *with* intelligent.

Pete glanced at the stools and shifted legs too long even for a lunch counter stool. He noted that the skin of the girl's throat seemed as white as her white dress except for the warm undertones of color beneath, its delicate softness. He ordered wheat cakes and sausage.

The girl called out the order.

The kitchen door opened and a man, white shirted and aproned, appeared and glanced at Pete.

"No sausages," he said.

"How about bacon, then?"

"Okay, if a fat but not too bad."

THE DOOR closed. The girl returned to her book. Pete sat. The book looked as if it had been much read and the title was "The Art of Modern Decorating." From the rear came sizzling sounds and across the street the hands of the bank clock edged to nine-thirty.

"All right, say it," said the girl, eyes on her book.

"Say what?" said Pete.

"What's a girl like you doing, studying decorating in a jerk town like this?"

"Why wouldn't you study whatever you want to, wherever you are?"

The girl slipped a pin to their straightness and Pete thought that their red young warmth called for a slight upturn of the corners. But he didn't think it very hard; he'd not thought very hard of girls since receiving a kindly but inexorable note, along with the tray of fancy fruit at the hospital, over a year ago.

The girl slipped their straightness but her eyes met his over the book's top and there may have been a hint of apology in them. They were very nice at any rate.

"Because in Hampton the last thing you could make a living at would be interior decorating."

There, the ice was broken.

"There's the city," Pete said.

"I have, in stay in Hampton."

"So okay," said Pete, polite but indifferent, and the rear door opened and the white-aproned man came with the cakes and bacon instead of setting them in the short-order window for the girl.

The man had great broad shoulders under his immaculate shirt and his hands were thick and square. He should have worked outdoors. Pete couldn't see why he would be interested in lunch rooms till he saw him walk laboriously if cheerfully, with one stride smooth and long and the next short and jerky. Pete's heart went out to the lame.

"It's a poor bacon," the man said, "but the best we can get nowadays. You're not from around here, are you?"

Pete sighed. He'd lost his tolerance for small talk in the last two years. He said: "No."

"But you're not city?"

"No. Small town in the middle west."

"Dad..." the girl said sharply. "Let him eat his breakfast."

"Sure, sure." But you could tell that the man was disappointed. His place of business was his club; here he met old friends and made new ones. Pete colored slightly.

"It's all right. I'm in no hurry. I have nothing to do but look around. I'm on a sort of vacation, humming around the river towns," he said.

Oh? Well, I guess Hampton's as good as any."

As good as any, as bad as any. Take any ten small towns in the land, Pete thought, jumble them together and divide by ten and you have Hampton.

I roofed some of it," the man went on cheerfully. "Then I fell off a ladder and end up cooking wheatcakes and bacon. But then I always liked to cook."

"Dad!"

The man grinned, and it was a good healthy grin. "Sore, I'm talky. Always have been. Pay no attention, Mr...."

"Harley," Pete said, less from consideration than perversity. "Pete Harley."

Allinson," the big man's hand was gentle with Pete's long thin fingers, and Pete had the sudden notion that Allinson had read him more comprehensively than he let on. "Glad to know you, Harley. Going to stay here long?"

"Just for a day," said Pete. "Just to look around a bit."

"Can we help you?" June and I sort of know this town." He looked with affection at his daughter, who looked back with exasperated love in her eyes.

Pete considered telling them what he was looking for, but he had done this once, heedlessly, to a fellow two towns down the line. The man had laughed. And after all it was sort of crazy: a picture on a red tin tray.

"I'm just bumming around," he repeated evasively. "Taking a rest. I've been laid up a while."

"If we can do anything, let us know."

Allinson slumped back to the kitchen, great shoulders swaying and in spite of himself Pete warmed a little, and he looked at the girl. Her lips turned up a little now and in her dark eyes laughter glinted.

"He's a regular old maid for talk," she said. But Pete knew if any one else had said this he'd have had some hide removed by a sharp and loyal tongue.

"He's friendly, that's all."

"And you're not?"

"I have more of a feel for things than for people." Pete finished his coffee and matched the pinched cheek with coins. "So long."

ILLUSTRATED BY W. I. HEFFRON



HE WALKED to the last street east and methodically began his search, working westward block by block. There was nothing complex about it. He stood for a long time at each intersection, looking up the street at the placing and conformation of buildings, then looking down the street more hopefully toward the river. The river had to be in it, but then the artist might have turned the scene around and put the river on the wrong side, for reasons of his own. Pete knew vaguely they did that sometimes.

The river had to be in it, and the tower. The tower made it, centred in the distance with the smoke red dusk behind it.

The tower was important. Two towns back had thought with great excitement that he had located it at last, but that had been on a rainy, misty day and when the mist had thinned he'd seen that it was nothing but a small grain elevator across the river. The street had been different, too. It had been just another street, not worth a second glance.

Pete had worked down four intersections, taking many minutes to each, when he saw the girl. She wore a grey cloth coat over her white dress and it flared out at the skirt and shimmied in at the waist.

He said, "Hello, Miss June Allinson."

"Hello, Mr. Pete Harley," she replied. "Still looking around?"

"Still looking around."

"You're going to clear an airfield, maybe? Or build a factory?"

"No, just a house."

The sun was warm on them and Pete leaned against a section of wrought iron fence, and the girl glanced at his attenuated length.

"Army hospital?"

Pete nodded, frowning slightly.

"You've been in quite a few of them. I'd say, for quite awhile." As he kept silent June Allinson nodded. "I know; the men don't like to talk of these things any more."

Pete shrugged indifferently. "People don't like to hear a hand them any more."

Her hand just touched his arm, not in sympathy but just in friendliness. She was like her father after all; she liked people. She might labor to keep herself to herself because she was so pretty and because for awhile each day she was on display. She might bark and bold you at a distance, but she was warm and gay and sweet and she would light some man's home like a lamp. Though not the home of any man like Pete. Pete's home was going to be his own.

She said, "Around the next corner and down two blocks is a wall along the river where you can sit and let your feet hang over."

Pete Harley's feet were all right but his legs had a tendency to tremble when they were tired, so he went with her to the river wall. The water was all sparkling little dollops from the sun, and insects hummed hymns to spring, and Pete sat with June on the sun-warmed stone while he rested, and he looked with her across the narrow river. An extension of Hampton lay over there—a few houses, a lumberyard, a gas tank and a big old building that once had been a mill.

"So you're looking for a place to build a house," June said.

"In a way," Pete answered.

"For your family?"

"I have no family. There's just me," Pete hesitated, then went on. "It's to be a kind of sample. A prefabricated house, complete with kitchen and laundry equipment and some built-in furniture. I've studied all that stuff, and I'd like to put one up and sell from that. At least, I think I would."

"Think?" said June sharply.

"For quite awhile I couldn't think of anything I'd really like to do," he said, almost apologetic about it. "I'd want to be sure of this."

"Suppose you're sure of it and they don't sell?"

"Oh, I can build any kind of house. And sure it. And put in heat and plumbing if I have to."

June plucked a blade of grass and put it between her white, even teeth. Against them her half-parted lips looked redder than ever with health and life. Here was a girl who'd take some keeping up to.

"Why did you pick Hampton to build your house in?"

"I didn't, exactly." Pete plucked a grass blade too, and wondered whether to tell more. She might laugh as the man had laughed. "I don't know whether Hampton's the town I want. I don't know whether it has my street. You see, I'm looking for a certain street. I don't know its name. I... I just call it Lost Avenue." He stopped, looking a little embarrassed.

HER EYES were gravely interested. He could reasonably hope she wouldn't laugh.

"I guess it's pretty crazy. I saw a picture of a street I'd like to live on, so I started out to find it."

He told her then about the tray.

"I was sent there from the hospital, you know, fancy pears and apples, grapes as big as plums. There was Cellophane over it to keep the fruit in place on the tray. A picture was glued in the centre of the tray—a street scene. There was a letter with the fruit—but that's not part of it." Pete cleared his throat. "I gave the pears and stuff to the guys in the next beds and had the nurse take the tray out. But then I got to thinking of the picture and had her bring it back. Did you ever see a picture of a place and think you'd like to go there—you almost have to go there?"

June nodded. "There's a picture in one of my books of a house on a river bank in New Zealand. But why did this picture of a street get you so?"

"I don't know. Maybe because it looked so peaceful, and sort of warm, and like home. Or maybe it was just because I was on the flat of my back for so long with nothing to do but look at the propped-up tray. Anyhow, it did get me. When things were bad I'd look at it and lose myself in it and imagine I was in one of the houses and everything was all right. When things were good I'd make new plans to locate it." He fumbled in his shirt pocket, took out a folded piece of paper and almost rudely thrust it at her. "Here."

June unfolded the picture, which was glue-crusted on the back and had corners rounded to fit the tray. It was a

Continued on page 48



The girl returned to her book. Pete sat

The Vanishing Whooper

The whooping crane, our largest, loudest and rarest bird, could never keep its mouth shut, so now it's nearly extinct

By C. FRED BODSWORTH

NEXT SUMMER for the fourth consecutive year some of the continent's top wild-life experts will be flying back and forth across 250 000 square miles of northwestern Canada muskeg lands in a bird's nesting hunt that has already cost $75 000 without an egg yet to show for it

The eggs they seek are so priceless that the golden goose variety wouldn't be worth a penny a dozen in comparison And if the eggs are ever found they will be left untouched when they lie Barbed wire will be strung around them and armed guards will be posted with orders to let no one closer than half a mile

These precious eggs are the eggs of the whooping crane North America's largest loudest and rarest bird Standing five feet tall without even stockings on and dressed in an all white plumage except for black wing tips these spectacular birds once flocked across the prairies in thousands But today fewer than 40 individuals remain alive for the whooping crane has committed race suicide by putting too much oomph into its love making

Somewhere in the rocky lake-studded wilderness of northern Saskatchewan and Alberta or perhaps farther northward in the Mackenzie River basin the survivors of this race still nest No person has seen one of their nests in over 20 years yet naturalists are certain the nests are there for the cranes have been traced northward as far as southern Saskatchewan in their springtime migration flights from a seacoast marsh in southern Texas where they winter And next they do for creek full when these Canadian birds arrive back in Texas they usually bring two or three juvenile birds with them

Wild Goose Chase for a Crane

UNLESS the nests are found *and soon* ornithologists say that the whooping crane will go the way of the passenger pigeon and great auk down nature's one-way trail into extinction Every winter the flock that reaches Texas numbers two or three less than the winter before The last official count early in 1947 placed the continent's whooping crane population at 29 One a nonbreeding 26 year-old female lives semi-tamed on a game preserve at Gothenburg Neb one is in a zoo at New Orleans two were spending the winter at a marsh in Louisiana and the main flock numbering 25 was wintering at the whooping cranes usual hideout, the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge not far from Corpus Christi on the Gulf of Mexico near the southern tip of Texas.

During their winter sojourn in Texas the whoopers get a protection as ironclad as that provided the U S mint it's illegal to molest them in any way in Canada or the U S But each April and May when their great seven foot wings carry them northward into Canada to nest they put themselves at the mercy of every trigger-happy gunner and mouth watering coyote that might chance upon them

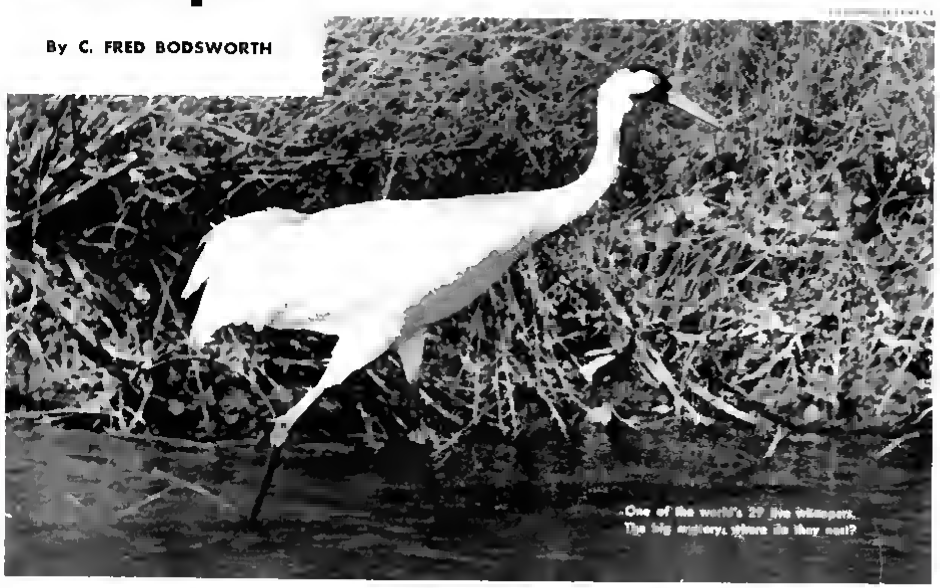
The cranes don't know it, but in their last-ditch struggle for survival they have had all the resources of the National Audubon Society the Canadian Department of Mines and Resources and the U S Fish and Wild Life Service marshalled behind them since the spring of 1945 Directing this internationally sponsored save the whoopers project is the Audubon Society's Robert Porter Allen of Florida Keys Fla the continent's ace wild life detective who knows more about the whooping crane than any man alive today

And this is what Allen the whoopers' guardian angel has to say about his job the toughest assignment ever handed out in the history of wild life conservation in America If the cranes would stay on the Texas refuge and nest there, they would be safe, he says. "But for thousands of generations they have flown northward into Canada when the springtime nesting urge strikes them and as long as a whooping crane remains they will continue to make this perilous migration If we could find where the few remaining cranes nest in Canada the site could be made a wild life sanctuary, crews, coyotes and other vermin which molest their nesting could be shot off and food and environment studies would probably reveal ways in which we could help them to breed faster and produce more young birds"

But so far the Canadian crane chase has been a wild goose chase. Allen and other scientists have flown over many thousands of miles during the summers of 1945 46 and '47 thousands of circulars have been sent out to northern missionaries, school teachers RCMP Hudson's Bay Co. factors and TCA pilots and radio appeals seeking information have been broadcast repeatedly But the nesting site is still a crane secret

"If we find the nests next summer the whooping crane stands a chance of surviving "Allen says If not it may be too late to help them"

Allen admits ruefully *Continued on page 42*



One of the world's 29 live whoopers. The big mystery, where do they nest?

Farewell to Knees

By JAMES DUGAN

Lady Eve is locked in corsets again and wrapped up like a mummy. She may lose another rib, but she has the New Look

IF THERE are any of those old prospectors left who are always making their first trips to the outside world after 50 years at Bluekfly Lake, I would like to warn them that they won't be surprised at women's fashions

The girls are going back to 1906 and earlier—or, at least that's what they have been ordered to do by the dictators of fashion The full and winter uniform decreed for Madam is called the "hourglass look" Waists are back into the merciless grip of corsets. Skirts have fallen so far it makes a red-blooded boy heartsick

Around the hips the girls are hanging collision mats. Over the pads the ladies are furling several rods of drapery material wound round and round Madam's mezzanine The mode as costs eliminates the female silhouette entirely in favor of cloaks resembling pyramidal tents.

Hat style divides into two schools of thought The first is the old cloche hat of the rah-rah days and the second is a style so big as a millstone on which is mounted enough foliage to make a good duck-shooting blind

Contemplating these matters, the prospector from Blackfly Lake may well ask himself what's happened to the here now Progress he need to hear about at the trading post And asking himself is the best thing he's likely to do There's not much use asking their creators, sponsors and—uh—beneficiaries how and why the new fashions got that way The people who invented them, the people who make them, the people who publicize them the people who sell them and the people who wear them disagree almost as sharply as the people who merely have to look at them

There is something close to unanimity on four points, however This reporter has just emerged from a two-weeks' stretch in the salons and cutting rooms of New York executive headquarters for the *couturiers* cabal whose planning headquarters is still in Paris. The findings which I can announce with confidence are

1 So far as the consumers are concerned, the new fashions were approximately as spontaneous as a Nuremberg Rally

2. But they were not the result of an organized plot among the designers, manufacturers and sellers.

3 Resistance to the new fashions isn't exclusive to the customers. The trade has its holdouts too.

4 But the style is here to stay

It all began 15 months ago—in August 1946. Then, to the amazement of New York, Hollywood, and London whose designers thought they had captured fashion leadership from the Rue de la Paix, a handful of Paris designers emerged with drastic new designs that have dictated to women as authoritatively as did the prewar French

Although the Parisian *couturiers* could clothe only a tiny grasp of women themselves American mass production of ready-made garments made it possible to put their styles on millions of women —provided the Parisians could reassert their prewar leadership

The new loudly debated styles went through their experimental phase in comparative privacy among the Parisian salons. All sorts of radical innovations were trial ballooned in the 1946 showings without affecting North American manufacturers. At first the lively Gallic fancy couldn't run wild because wartime regulations still obtained in the United States.

Enter Dior and Bustles

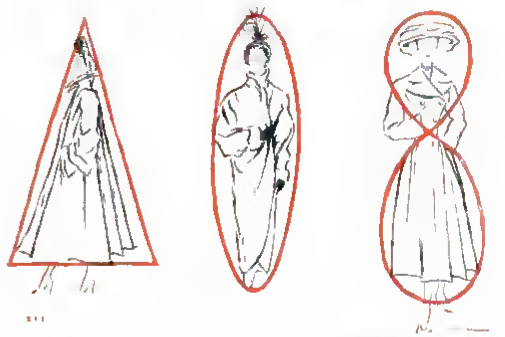
THE U. S. Civilian Production Administration Code L-85 was lifted in October 46 after the season's style had been determined L 85 had frozen fashion into a relatively simple pattern of the dress of 1942 and when it came off the French geniuses took a flying leap into the blue. In the spring of this year the American manufacturers trooped to Paris to see the results They whistled The kids on the Rue du Faubourg St Honoré and Place Vendôme trotted out small waists natural unpadded shoulders high busts molded midriffs, long skirts, and other stuff a man shouldn't know about The French sales patter attributed the inspiration for the new silhouette to paintings by Renoir and Berthe Morisot who seem to have liked to paint bustles

Whoever inspired it the man perhaps most responsible for the New Look was a balding middle-aged former Paris art dealer named Christian Dior While researchers report that Dior, personally in a timid quiet follow the grand opening of his new salon last February exploded like a blockbuster in the world of fashion Other new names were Jacques Fath and Mad Carpentier, who had come to the top directorate of high fashion to join Worth Lucien Lelong Mugay Rouff Lanvin and Schiaparelli et Cie

With a few notable *Continued on page 64*



Round shoulders bulletproof hips this IS the New Look, by Parisian Christian Dior



For outdoor wear Mainly has her choice of looking like a triangle, oval or figure 8. The triangle has also been called (not unkindly) bell tent The hats? No comment

Washington Memo

By ERNEST K. LINDLEY

MOODS are mixed in Washington this autumn. Top ranking officials are anxious about Europe and the Marshall program. Most of the politicians who have been putting their ears to the grass roots and sidewalks seem relatively indifferent to the international scene. They report that the average citizen is unperturbed by the warnings he has heard or read almost daily about the calamitous consequences to be expected if the United States fails to extend large scale aid to Europe the first installment immediately.

The fact that the country as a whole is swelling with prosperity probably accounts in part for the phlegmatic attitude toward the world's troubles reported by the politicians. Yet one can detect an uneasy anxiety about the economic condition of the nation. First there is the persistent fear that the present boom will lead to a bust. Secondly and uppermost this fall—in the discomfort caused by the high cost of living, especially the high cost of eating. Many wage and salary earners have seen the increases which they received since the war vanish in higher prices. Many of them, especially in the white collar class are worse off now than they were two years ago.

Soaring food prices during the late summer and early fall placed another impediment across the path of the Marshall program for Europe. The ordinary citizen could hardly be asked to greet with enthusiasm a program which would spell still higher prices for food in the United States. Moreover higher food prices or even a continuation of the prices of early autumn would mean almost inevitably another round of wage increases in the winter and spring and so another round of price increases for manufactured products.

This condition contrasted ironically with the Communist theory also apparently held by some left wing Socialists in Europe, that the Marshall program was necessary to provide markets for surplus *Continued on page 61*

Obstacle to Marshall plan: high U. S. prices





In a new crisis Londoners can still laugh

Halfway Mark

WHEN Oscar Wilde wrote "De Profundis" in Reading Jail only selected parts of it were published. His literary trustees agreeing that the remainder should not appear until 1960. I am reminded of that because it is a little over two years time we shall have to pause and give a verdict on the first half of the 20th century and truly the title "De Profundis" might well describe the story of the half century as well as the confessions and musings of Wilde.

As a boy in Toronto I listened with awe to the prophecies, platitudes and pontifications which greeted the birth of the year 1900. The 20th century belongs to Canada, said someone at Ottawa and I was very pleased. Someone else in England said that the 20th century would see the liberation of man, which also pleased me as I had not known that men were enslaved. There was also a statesman I rather think an American who proclaimed the cheering news that the 20th century would see the end of wars.

In short the prophets had a right out end thoroughly enjoyed themselves. It was good to be a child at such an important event in history and to know that with luck on would live to enjoy the good things that were on their way.

We certainly saw the arrival of the motor car which sent frightened horses rearing and shying in all directions. We read with awe that daring fellows had actually flown airplanes for as long as ten minutes and reached a height of 200 feet. That telephone was becoming a habit instead of a curiosity and the mechanical ingenuity of the machine was replacing the skilled hands of the industrial workers. The lecturer with his lantern slide had to give way to the first cyclopic silent motion pictures with their monstrous musical accompaniments on a jangled piano. All that we saw with our own eyes and knew that progress was on the march.

Yet what will be the verdict in 1950? What will be the arraignment of history against the first half of the 20th century? It must be something like this:

1. Great advance was made in healing sciences but nothing comparable to the development of weapons for taking life.

2. In two world wars we saw the dull sordid cruelty of the Dark Ages superseded by a scientific savagery which destroyed the souls of the wicked and the bodies of the helpless.

3. There was a splendid and heroic battle by the civilized peoples of the world against the new barbarism but when the threat of war was gone the unity of the victorious nations ceased to exist.

4. In a world where some nations were ever producers and others underconsumers the will of man failed to create the means of distribution.

5. Throughout the 50 years there was a dwindling belief in God's teachings and an increasing worship of the State.

Where Is the Leadership?

ONLY a few days ago I sat with a book on a hill overlooking the sunlit sea. The fields behind were rich with corn and the trees were laden with fruit. The good earth has not turned against its masters nor does the sun bargain for its services. *The only enemy of man is man.* That is the terrible lesson of the 20th century.

During the war we had leadership, not only in military strategy but in the moral realm. Churchill gave expression to the unconquerable courage of the human heart. Roosevelt proclaimed the brotherhood of man that rises above the petty distinctions of class and possessions. There was a selflessness and sacrifice in those days that made life both simple and full. But where is the leadership now?

Churchill missed his great opportunity just as Lloyd George did in 1918 when he failed to resign after victory and instead continued to lead a party. Free from sectional politics, Churchill could have toured the world, bringing strength and guidance to every country. As Westminster or a private member, his voice would have had immense influence. I believe that if he had done so Britain would be clamoring for him today as the head of an all party Government. The strange thing is that Churchill saw with clear eyes the blunder which Lloyd George made and wrote it in his book, The Aftermath. He could advise others; he could not advise himself.

Death struck down Roosevelt, a heavy loss to the world despite what his detractors say even today in the U. S. A. During my American visit last winter, I was deeply disturbed by the failure of so many men to see the greatness of the mighty invalid at the White House. In the book, The Last Days of Hitler, it is recorded how the despairing Führer *Continued on page 44*

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Sold! – For $5

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

LIBERALS AND Progressive Conservatives are both licking their chops these days. Their mutual foe the CCF has got into a position of considerable embarrassment — and in a field generally regarded as prime Socialist pasture the field of old age pensions.

All through the debate last summer on the new old age pension bill which raised the monthly benefit from $25 to $30 the CCF group hammered for larger benefits. The party circulated a petition demanding that the Government make the pension not $30 but $50 a month. It was one of their big ploys of the 1947 session.

But at the end of September the Hon. O. W. Valleau, Minister of Social Welfare in the CCF Government of Saskatchewan announced that Saskatchewan would no longer pay its $5 supplement to the federal pension.

At the CCF national office here the explanation is that the CCF has always held old age pensions to be a federal, not provincial, liability; that Saskatchewan's health insurance and other social security benefits are worth more than an extra fiver on the pension; and that you can't have everything. Officially there's no difference of opinion between the Ottawa and the Saskatchewan CCF-ers.

Actually the difference of opinion appears to have been pretty sharp. Last spring about the time the CCF campaign for a $50 pension was getting under way Mr. Valleau was in Ottawa conferring with Hon. Paul Martin, Minister of Health and Welfare on the forthcoming old age pension act.

Mr. Valleau was openly aghast at the timing of the CCF $50-pension campaign. He told Health and Welfare people that from Saskatchewan's point of view it would be ruinous and would they kindly tell him how he could put a stop to it?

"Don't ask us," they told him. "Go talk to the leaders of your own party."

Valleau did so and came back despondent. They wouldn't listen to him, he said, what had he better do now?

• • •

AS A Liberal politician, Paul Martin may share the glee of his party colleagues at seeing the CCF manoeuvre itself behind its own favorite eight ball. But as Minister of Health and Welfare he is more likely to be regretful. The Saskatchewan move is a setback to his old age pension plans and it may be a serious one.

In Cabinet, when the old age pension bill was being drafted, Martin fought hard for a higher federal rate. He wanted at least $35 for the pensioners but he lost the fight and had to settle for $30. But he did get one important concession—removal of the ceiling on pensions. At least the provinces were now empowered to increase the rate as high as $50 without diminishing the federal contribution.

It looked as though six of the nine provinces would take advantage of this. British Columbia, which had been paying a $10 supplement to the old pension, continued to add the same amount to the new rate. Ontario's supplement had been $5. The Drew Government announced that a $10 supplement would be paid henceforth, and although the additional amount is not yet being paid at this writing the promise stands. Supplements of $5 were continued by Alberta, Manitoba, Nova Scotia and—for the time being—Saskatchewan.

Thus the withdrawal of the supplement by the CCF Government is the first break in the new line Health and welfare people here had been working, hopefully to urge Quebec into payment of a supplement, too. They think their chances have been dimmished by the Saskatchewan announcement. Also they're afraid the CCF example may prove contagious if Alberta and Manitoba should follow suit, the trend in the wrong direction (from their point of view) would become decisive.

• • •

GOOD NEWS is about to break for the veterans who are buying suburban homes under the DVA "small holding" scheme. Any day now there's likely to be a major shake up in the Veterans Land Act administration. The 500 odd veterans who have been trying vainly to get their leaky roofs cracking plaster and sticking doors repaired may renew their hope of having it done.

Actually the shake-up is nearly a year overdue even by Ottawa's own none-too-brisk timetable. The Land Act administration's building program has been in a mess ever since it started a year and a half ago. By last winter the clamor from newly housed veterans had become so loud that Walter Woods, Deputy Minister of Veterans' Affairs, took an engineer down to some of the worst spots to see for himself what went on. He found out plenty. Hon. Ian Mackenzie the responsible Minister admitted in Parliament that the situation was "deplorable," and promised immediate action to clean it up.

The action intended at that time was a change in personnel at the top.

Gordon Murchison, the man in full charge of all Land Act projects has a long and excellent record in settling ex-soldiers on the land. There have been few complaints so far, from the 16 000 veterans who have gone with DVA help into full time farming. Neither has there been trouble among the 10,000 veterans who needed only DVA money to buy or build "small holdings" of their own.

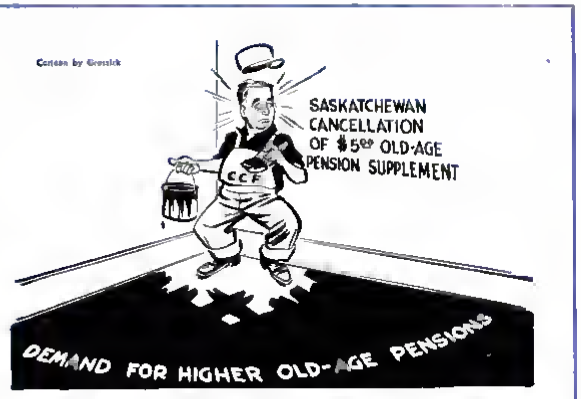
But there has been trouble and plenty with the 2,500 homes the Land Act administration undertook to build itself. More than 30 of these jobs turned out very sour indeed. There have been complaints all over Canada, with the projects at Windsor Ont. Victoria B.C. and Sarnia Ont., ranking in that order in the worst.

After the enquiry of last winter it was decided to take the suburban building program away from Mr. Murchison, who had no previous experience in the field and give it to a competent builder. Murchison would remain in charge of his own specialty, the farming end.

Unluckily this change called for Cabinet action and Mackenzie was away at the time and the Murchison supporters took the unprecedented course of appealing directly to other members of the Cabinet to block the shake-up. Cabinet deferred action until the whole matter was allowed to slide. By the time Mr. Mackenzie got back things had quieted down a bit, so he didn't do anything about it either.

But meanwhile 550 veterans who had made their $600 down payment for suburban homes were still refusing to sign a firm agreement to buy. They wanted the repairs done first. They weren't going to buy anything in the sad condition these houses were in. Since the cost of the 550 houses would still have to be amortized over 25 years from the time the deeds were signed, it meant the Government was losing a tidy sum in interest charges because of the delay.

So in September the Murchison administration took the bull by the *Continued on page 68*



Officially, there's no difference of opinion between federal and Saskatchewan CCF-ers.



ILLUSTRATION BY WINTER

This writer had her fill of North America: She's going home gladly with a cry of "quitter" for those who'd flee the Old World

I'LL TAKE EUROPE

By CATHERINE GAVIN

THE transcontinental express was rushing eastward when I opened Maclean's and read "Why I Am Quitting the Old World"—the explanation by my former colleague, Richard D. McMillan, of his decision to emigrate to British Columbia. I read it with attention and with pain. At the end I marvelled—still counting off the miles to Montreal, the coast, the Queen Elizabeth and *home*—at the divergence in philosophies which makes one Scot renounce the Old World while another speeds back to it like the arrow from the bow.

My decision to return to Europe is not a hasty one. It has been crystallizing slowly during all the nine months I have spent on the North American continent as a newspaper correspondent. Nobody can come here under more favorable conditions than that. To be a foreign correspondent in Canada and the United States is a very different matter from being a war correspondent in the Middle East, my last assignment outside Europe. There, the desert, the dysentery, the miseries of the Jewish problem and the difficulties which beset British troops from Tehran to Addis Ababa brought new hardships with each day that broke. Here the general friendliness, the common inheritance and language, the comfortable living conditions turn work into a pleasure.

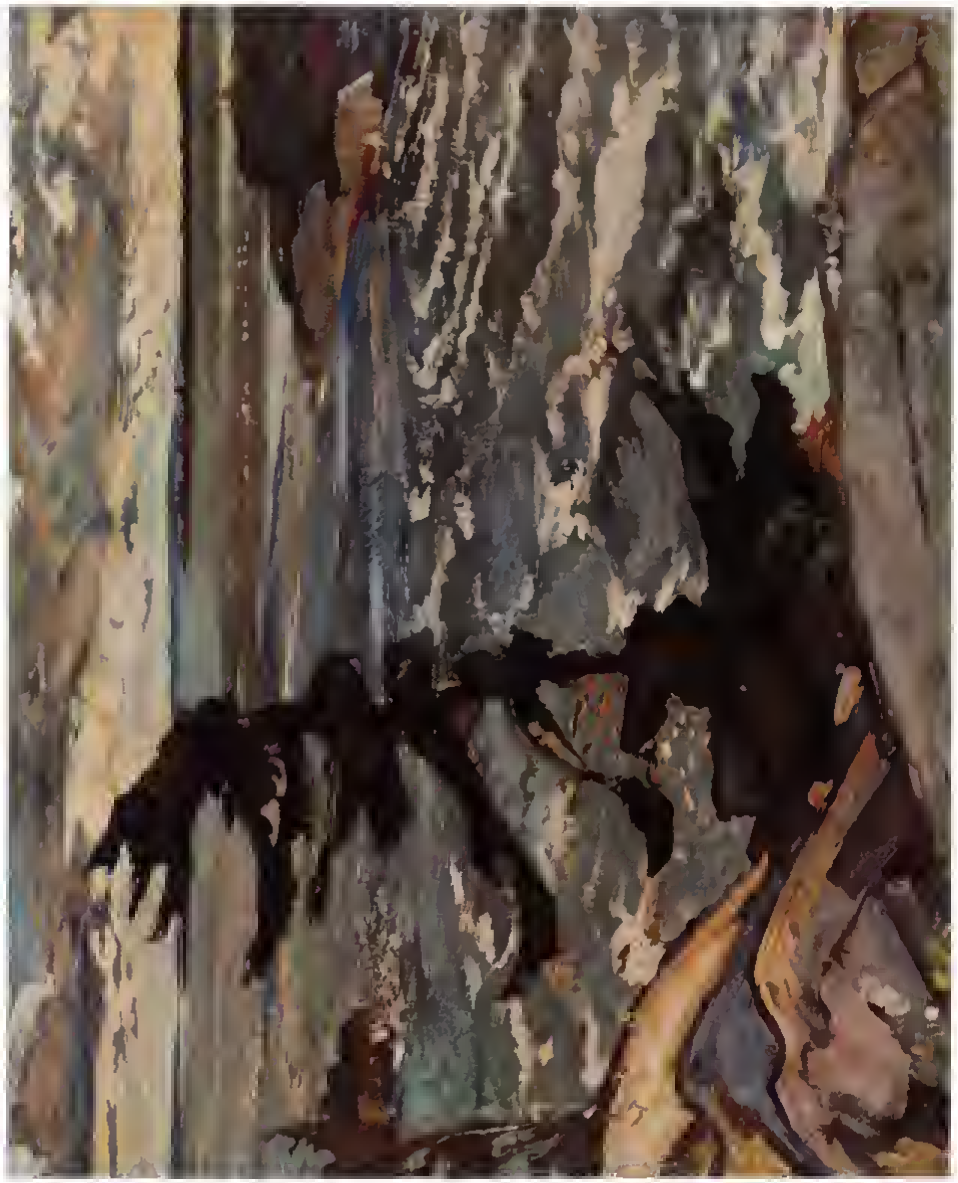
"I Must Go Home"

IN SPITE of that I want to go home. Thus, although I have in fact no home to go to in the sense of a roof above my head. When I landed at New York last January, I was as completely free to plan my life as any human being can be. If I had wished to settle down at any point on my journey it would have been perfectly possible to satisfy the immigration laws, write to Europe for what few belongings the aftermath of war has left me, and never go back again.

One or two flattering offers of jobs in or connected with my own profession were made to me as I went along. I considered them for very little longer than it took to say, No thank you kindly. I must go home as soon as my tour is over. For all the way down to the Gulf of Mexico, across to the Pacific, up to the lovely heights above Vancouver, into the Yukon, across the prairies and the Great Lakes, the conviction grew within me that I had nothing at all to give to the New World, nothing to give or get here but friendship and good will. That since Scotland was my birthplace and Paris the place where I chose to live, whatever strength and ability I possess must be given to the old, scarred, glorious continent of Europe.

The story of my journey to the east, like the story of McMillan's journey to the west, had its preface 20 years ago. It began when a Scots girl, armed with the classic Scottish weapon of a modest bursary, set out for the libraries and lecture halls of Paris and an

Continued on page 31



GEORGIAN BAY—by Frederick Horsman Varley (Courtesy The National Gallery of Canada)

Maclean's Magazine, November 1, 1947



WE USE IT TOO — WHEN THE YOUNGSTERS LET US . . .



You don't need to be young to enjoy a playroom. And they're such fun! If you are building, plan a playroom from the start. Or in your present home — isn't there a room that might be converted?

The lovely small home illustrated is designed particularly for the young ex-service couple with a growing family. There are three bedrooms — and of course a playroom! Convenience, brightness and economy are stressed throughout. Cost should be about $7,500—depending on location and materials. See your local architect or builder for details.

Write for your free copy of a booklet featuring "A Series of Ideas for Distinguished Small Homes."

Blue Top

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KITCHENER ONTARIO CANADA

THE SLIP

By ROBERT ZACKS

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

JOE MACADAM peered through the slit between the two dirty curtains. He was watching Hilda.

Hilda was crossing the street. She shambled past the butcher shop, past the police station down the block and went into the cigar store to get Joe the cigarettes.

Joe sighed in relief, then grinned broadly. It was okay. Neither Hilda, nor her mother, the landlady, suspected.

As Hilda eagerly lumbered back toward the house with the cigarettes, Joe stared at the police station with hate-filled, sneering face.

"Right across the street from you, dumb flatfoot," he said softly with great pride. "What a hide-out."

JOE MACADAM had figured the best hiding place was under the noses of the searchers. In the obvious place. When he'd seen the room advertised he'd grabbed it. It was a filthy hole and the rent was high, but the landlady and her daughter were dumb, trusting. Rooms were hard to find.

Hilda came up the stairs and inside. "Here, Joe," she said gutturally, "they cost a penny less than you say."

Joe almost forgot the act, nearly said, "what's a cent when I've got . . ." He caught himself sharply.

Keep that big mouth shut, he thought, bit his lips tight. That's the way they get it, with the little slips, with the boasting. I've got $40,000 in this room and a murder charge hanging over me.

Joe thought of the messenger he had left dead near the factory and it gave him unease enough to put the act across.

"Thanks, Hilda," he said humbly. "Every penny counts when you're sick."

Hilda smiled at him gravely. Joe had to restrain a laugh. He had never seen a homelier girl than Hilda. Her peroxide-blond hair was tied back in a straggly knot; her face was lumpy with thick features; her eyes were small and she was big-boned with enormous hands and feet. When she smiled though, she wasn't half bad. It was funny, thought Joe.

Then suddenly he remembered the joke about the guy who stopped living with the Eskimos and came back to civilization. Why? He knew it was true because the Eskimo women started looking good to him.

My God, thought Joe, a bowl of myrth storming silently behind his eyes. *Continued on page 31*

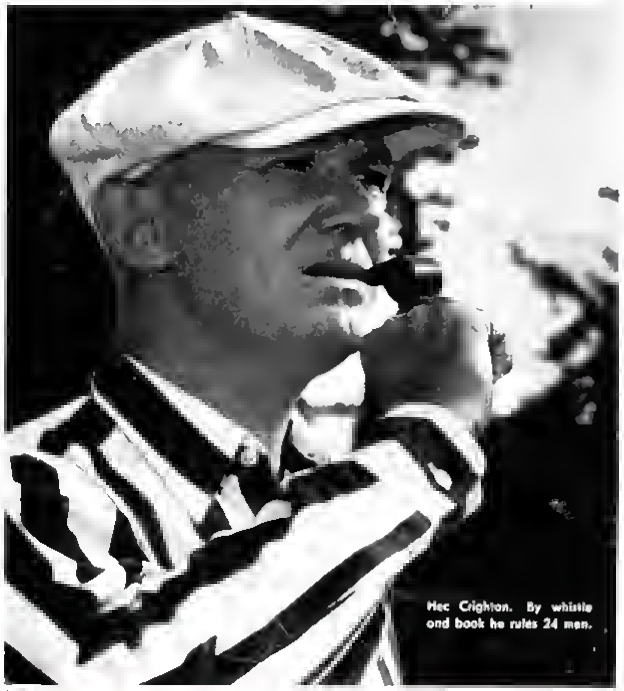
Joe knew more about guns than women so how was he to guess what a kiss would do to Hilda?



Joe looked around in a frenzy of hysteria

HE WHISTLES WHILE HE WORKS

Even to the footballers he calls the rules against, Hec Crighton is the best referee in the business



Hec Crighton. By whistle and book he rules 24 men.

By TRENT FRAYNE

COACHES AND players in any sport invariably regard officials as evil nonentities foisted upon them to interfere with the good rough fun, but footballers seem to regard referee Hec Crighton as something apart. A human being, almost.

Joe Krol, the Argos astonishing pass pitcher, calls Crighton the best referee in Canada without reservation and many others agree with him. "He knows the rules," says Krol simply, "and that's all any player asks of an official."

Reg Threlfall, colorful verbose former coach of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, whose dislike for anything connected with Eastern Canada was matched only by Eastern Canada's football writers' dislike for him, once remarked after his young men had dropped a 35 to 7 decision to the Toronto Argonauts that Crighton was "the only monkey out there who knows an old cleat from a knee guard."

Lew Hayman, the barbeymoss leader of the Montreal Alouettes, has had his troubles with whistlers but not with Crighton. "There's a square deal going on when Hec's out there," he has commented. His work has always commanded the greatest respect from my players.

Krol seems to have pinned down the largest reason that Crighton, whose name incidentally rhymes with Brighton although half the people he knows roll him Creyton, is so highly regarded: he knows the rules thoroughly. Yet, though he can quote the rule governing any play you call at random, Crighton never undertakes to handle a game without first running fairly thoroughly through his rule book in the officials' dressing quarters.

The Ruling that Cost a Title

EVEN SO complete a briefing has not always enabled Crighton to avoid anguished howls of protest from players and coaches, nor do their testimonials mean that he has never been surrounded by angry assassins in moleskin. Like many another referee, he has learned that the fortunes of gridiron empires often depend upon an official's interpretation of an involved rule. He called a play of such importance back in 1932 that he still can remember every detail 15 years later.

This was during the *Continued on page 26*

What's he stepping the game for now? Hec Crighton shows what a referee's signals mean



Rough play | Offside pass | Holding | Player offside | Illegal interference

It took Communism, Russian style, to cure a Communist. Here's Hladun's own story of his reconversion to freedom

They Taught Me Treason

PART III

By JOHN HLADUN

MY SEVEN years in the Communist Party of Canada were filled with paradoxes. The most staggering paradox of all lay in the manner of my retreat from Communism. My retreat began in Moscow—where, traditionally, good Communists go to make themselves better Communists.

My first serious doubts about Communism were implanted in the classrooms of the International Lenin University, to which I was summoned along with 5,000 other young Communists from all over the world for the nine months' term of 1931-32. I've already told how, while I was learning to carry arms against my own government in support of the golden doctrine of Communism, I was also learning that this doctrine had little connection with reality in the first Communist state. I've told how, by progressive and uneasy stages, I discovered that Russia, the sworn enemy of capitalism, was itself a capitalist state, that workers in the workers' paradise didn't own the goods they produced or very much of the goods anyone else produced, that freedom in the land of the free meant only freedom to conform.

Even these classroom disillusionments disobeying though they were, had nothing like the impact of the disillusionments to which I was exposed outside the university. As a Ukrainian-Canadian, I spoke Russian well. I got around Moscow a lot and made three long trips outside the city.

Once I was appointed to act as special interpreter to a delegation from Great Britain which had come to see the lumber camps on the Moscow-Archangel railway. Britain was buying enormous quantities of lumber from Russia at the time, and British "reactionaries" had protested that most of the lumber was being produced by slave labor. The Soviet Government arranged for a British deputation to "inspect" the camps. I wasn't asked to do it in Moscow. I cannot recall the names of the delegates, nor was I able to find out whether it represented the British Government.

Life in the Slave Camps

THE "inspection" was in charge of the GPU, the Russian state police organization. Before our departure, a GPU official gave me clear and explicit instructions on how and what I was to interpret. The inmates of the camps, he explained, first were political prisoners and as such they were our class enemies. If I heard any of them complain, either among themselves or in the presence of the British delegation—I should at once report them to the GPU officer who would accompany the party along with an official of the Comintern. When interpreting I must phrase the questions and answers so as to give the impression that the inmates of the camps were happy and well cared for, above all that they acknowledged their guilt and were eager to expiate it by serving out their sentences. To the inmates I must give the impression that the British delegates were sympathizers of the Communist Party and had come not to investigate alleged injustices but to find out how to build an efficient socialist state.

At the first camp, our special railway coach was shunted to a siding. The camp was a huge settlement of wooden barracks and long huts enclosed in barbed wire. We spent nearly two hours talking to the officials of the camp and were shown a set of records which indicated that the minimum monthly pay for the lumber workers was 140 rubles. Later I learned that another set of books showed deductions for board, lodging, clothing and miscellaneous services—and that deductions and wages always came out even. The delegates didn't see this second set of books.

We inspected the food, which, though poor, was no worse than that served in any factory cafeteria in Moscow. The floors and bunks of the sleeping barracks were of corduroy logs and there were few windows, but otherwise the lodgings seemed comfortable enough. We saw no blankets or other bedding.

After lunch we talked to the inmates for about an hour. My job of interpreting was simple. It was apparent that the inmates had been at least as well briefed as I'd been. After a round of stilted pleasantries between the delegation and the prisoners I told the GPU official I wanted to browse around by myself to see if I could unearth any dangerous malcontents.

The first couple of inmates I met under these new conditions were extremely guarded at first, but after I'd convinced them that I was a Canadian and had no direct connection with the GPU, they opened up a little.

"Where are you from?" I asked an elderly man.

"From Cherkessy in the Ukraine. They picked me up, tortured me in Kiev and finally sent me here."

"What for?" I asked.

"They said I was a kulak, but I am not. When will they let us out? I hope my family is well." He started to cry.

Can't he write to his family?" I asked a bystander.

"We are not allowed to write or receive letters. What is happening in the world now? Is there any hope of our getting home?"

"I don't know," I said. Then I excused myself hastily, saying that I could not talk long to any one group.

I mingled with several other groups and discovered one more interesting thing. None of the prisoners had had a public trial. They had been sentenced to penal servitude by the Collegium of the State Police, which usually consisted of three police officials.

We visited six camps altogether. The other inspections were repetitions of the first one, although there were women and children in a few of the camps. Altogether I saw tens of thousands of Russia's best artisans and farmers simply thrown out of existence, doomed to toil their lives away in slavery to support the new economy of freedom.

I played a good deal of poker on the trip with our GPU supervisor. I won a fair amount of money from him and one night near the end of the journey, I loaned him back a hundred *Continued on page 52*



The child looked out cursed at us with shrill ferocity.

ILLUSTRATED BY CAHEN

CHANGE OF SCENE

Ever get fed up with it all, even the people you love? Then you'll want to read this powerful story

By ANN FOSTER



IT WAS right o'clock in the morning. Murray padded into the bathroom and cleared his throat with vigor.

His wife's voice level and irritated, charged into his thoughts. "For heaven's sake, Murray, do you have to make such frightful noises every time you get into the bathroom?"

He turned the razor off instantly, for all he might not hear the rest of what she was saying, without seeming to ignore her deliberately.

But Hilda was not to be put off so easily. With a sudden irritable flash of energy she swung her legs over the edge of the bed, thrust her feet into a pair of mules, flung a thin silk robe about her slender shoulders and went swiftly to the door of the bathroom. "Murray, for goodness sake, can't you hear me when I speak to you?"

Murray sighed. He supposed a dozen other married couples within earshot of the house were probably carrying on in much the same manner. The thought discouraged him. He switched the faucet off abruptly and turned toward his wife.

"Look, Hilda, can't you leave a man alone when—"

She was standing ungirt in the doorway, her golden hair falling over her shoulders, the gentle rise of her breasts marked beneath her gown. He glanced at her eyes. They were the same lovely, level blue eyes that had first attracted him, the kind that looked back at a man with a man's directness yet held beneath their deep color and brightness a woman's tenderness and a firm understanding. He couldn't understand what had happened to her lately. As for her, he knew he'd always cleared his throat first thing in the morning. It was only lately that Hilda had noticed it. Now, this morning, she was making an issue of it.

Not feeling well, dear?" he asked, making his voice sound casual, lifting his eyebrows at her with a half-humorous, half-quizzical glance.

She did not answer him.

He laughed then, uncomfortably. He knew things had been pretty boring for Hilda. They'd always dreamed of taking a trip away somewhere together as soon as their small son, Jimmy, was old enough. They'd dreamed of doing a great number of things together during the first year or so of their marriage. But the years had marched slowly on for him, his work was concerned. And there had never been any money to spare. Then the war had come. That had changed everything. They'd grown closer than ever to each other during the few months before Hilda left for overseas. "Life will stand still for me while you're away," Murray had told him on that last drawn day they'd watched together from the safety and peace of their wide bed.

On her return from overseas he'd decided to play safe. He'd found himself out of the swim of things. So rather than starting up his own architectural practice he'd intended he'd gone in with his former partners, Ed Purcell and Jake. Even now things were moving slowly. It had been very dull for Hilda, he supposed.

She was still standing at the door of the bathroom, watching him shave with a moody, desperate expression in her eyes. At last she turned her back upon him slowly. "I'm sorry," she murmured as if in herself, "but I wish to heaven you'd behave like a civilized person."

Murray continued to slide the razor over his lean cheeks and gazed back at his intent, bewildered grey eyes in the small mirror. He felt the vigor of the morning, the pleasant strength of his muscles, the keenness in his brain for the work ahead of him at the office, suddenly become nothing more than the knell of a hurried life any man might foist on any dull morning of today that stretched unavoidingly ahead.

Lately Hilda had done this to him, with a word or a look she had emptied him completely of some buoyancy, some eagerness of heart and mind.

He finished shaving, sluiced water over his razor blade, put it carefully on the shelf, dried the razor on the towel and rubbed cologne on his face.

"Hey, dad, how much longer you goin' to be?"

Jimmy's voice outside the door, a young, clear, vigorous voice. Lord, Murray startled himself by thinking, what happened to a kid like that, when a marriage began to dissolve?

"Come right on, son," he called out. "I'm through."

HILDA could hear them in the bathroom together. She sat before her mirror and idled with the pins, tiny and gold-tinted, as she placed them in her hair. She knew she should be putting the coffee on. Murray was always in a hurry at the last minute. And Jimmy had asked for a pair of clean shorts for the hike he and Tim had forayed were making into the woods today. She'd have to iron them.

She had the two gleaming gold bracelets pinned on top of her head at last and stood up before the mirror. Suddenly aware of the suppleness of her young body, she turned about for a moment and looked at the long white curve of her back. Her energy and youth were all being wasted, if you wanted to look at it one way. She told herself, keeping house for Murray in the same penny-saving, half-scared way week after week, year after year. Oh, she knew that during the war she'd have given anything in the world to have Murray back. She'd have literally lived in a one-room shack, providing it could have been with Murray—and Jimmy.

But the war was over. The living of life and marriage was merely a routine now, a routine that was beginning to bore her. The tenseness and excitement, the breathless moments of parting and meeting, the letters, the long-distance calls, the passion and longing they had known for each other were missing. Murray was immersed in blueprints for buildings that couldn't be built. Ed and Jake were always after him for something or other, even on week ends. There was never enough money for a trip farther than a few hundred miles away. Jimmy was growing like a sapling and boys' clothes were a fabulous price.

And that wasn't all. There were a hundred million things that only a woman knew about. At night, for instance. A few years ago especially before Murray left, and after his return, their nights together had held hours to dream about, to look forward to. Murray had noticed her hair, her skin, a hundred things. She remembered the night he'd sat on the edge of the bed beside her. "Never lose your hair, Hilda," he'd said, taking the long fine strands into his large hands, holding them against his face. "It's so lovely."

Now, after studying for hours, Murray would fall into bed beside her tired out and worried. He'd either fall right asleep or lie beside her and talk about plans for this or that building. He'd tell her rumor that about Elder, Jake. He'd speak of Jimmy with a tender longing in his voice that she had once known only for herself. How was he getting along at school? What did she think they should do for him in the future? It was a hell of a world anyway, wasn't it, for a youngster? They were all things removed from her own person. They were the stuff of which marriage was made, she supposed, but she wasn't sure she could be happy with it—even endure it. If marriage was an everlasting sameness of movement and duty and care with very little song to liven it, it was pretty hard to take and one felt like a trapped animal without hope of escape.

She slipped into a long dark-blue housedress with a white frill about the neck that accented her fair hair and went slowly through the quiet light and shadows of the house down the stairs.

She wished she could get a hold upon herself, shake herself out of the mood of boredom and futility that had been so persistently hers lately. She stood still in the middle of the kitchen for a moment and wondered suddenly if a change of scene would not accomplish what she needed. Perhaps she should go away for a while. She never had been afraid of life until lately. Never, really, afraid of routine either. But she knew that if her days went on much longer as they had been doing, she would say or do something to Murray or Jimmy that would spell bitterness, hurt and probably tragedy for all of them.

That was how things happened. You didn't hurt people after months of planning. You hurt those you loved suddenly, like throwing a knife. And the end of what you'd forgotten was happiness came just as suddenly, as a rule. Take Connie, for instance. Connie had gone on and on, nagging away at Ralph without any apparent reason. Then, one morning, presto, they'd both had it. Boom! just like that. Neither Connie nor Ralph really seemed to know exactly what happened that day. But the fact remained they were now getting a divorce and eleven-year-old Bernice

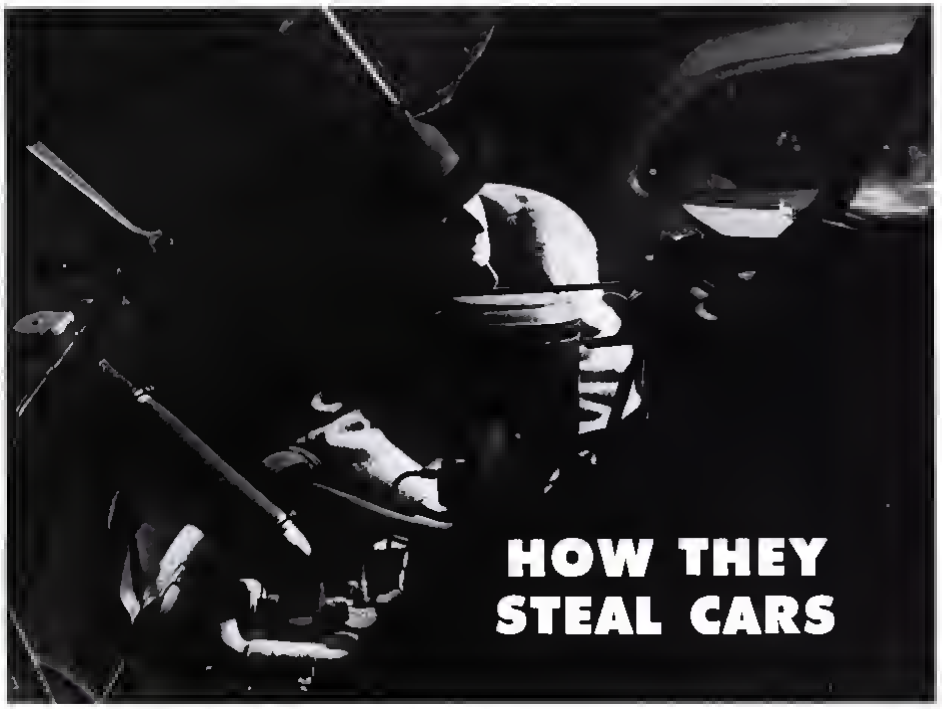
Continued on page 36



"I wish you'd behave like a civilized person," murmured Hilda

ILLUSTRATED BY F. SCOTT WOOD





Car thieves laugh at ignition locks. A little tinkering under the hood and away they drive.



Stolen car patrol has been a busy list

By HARRIS MITCHELL

LIKE many Canadians, Jim H—— wanted a car. New ones were hard to get but a used one would do. So Jim was in a receptive mood the day "Reverend" Robertson introduced himself and offered to sell his 1946 Pontiac for $1,600. "Better than I could get from a dealer, you know," he told Jim, "and I have been promised a new one in a week or so."

Jim was anxious but cautious. He decided to check Rev. Robertson's credentials and all details of the offered car very carefully before parting with the cash. Rev. Robertson was happy to oblige.

He produced identification showing himself to be a member of the Canadian Teachers' Association. He had the original bill of sale for the car, the 90-day warranty signed by the dealer from whom the car was originally purchased, and a valid car registration certificate made out in his own name.

Jim paid him the $1,600 and drove home to surprise his wife.

A few days later detectives of the automobile theft squad spotted the car and identified it as one stolen a week before from a drive-yourself company.

An investigation revealed that "Reverend" Robertson was an alias for a professional car thief. There was no such organization as the "Canadian Teachers' Association." The purchase papers were counterfeit. The thief had obtained the registration certificate from the motor vehicle bureau by posing as a car dealer and entering the 1946 Pontiac on the books as a new car which had not previously been registered.

The police took possession and Jim was out the car and the $1,600.

Although no record is kept of the total number or value of cars stolen each year in Canada, police reports from 188 cities and towns with a population of 4,000 or over (accounting for slightly under half the total population of Canada) showed that 10,605 automobiles were stolen in 1945. Give each stolen car a conservative value of $750 and you get a total value of more than $8 millions. This was more than twice the value of all other thefts combined. And these figures cover only half the population.

Thefts were highest during the war years when the scarcity of cars brought high prices and no questions asked to anyone who wanted to sell. In 1939 there were more *Continued on page 49*

Steal 'em, disguise 'em, sell 'em — that's the routine of slick auto thieves who sting car owner and buyer alike

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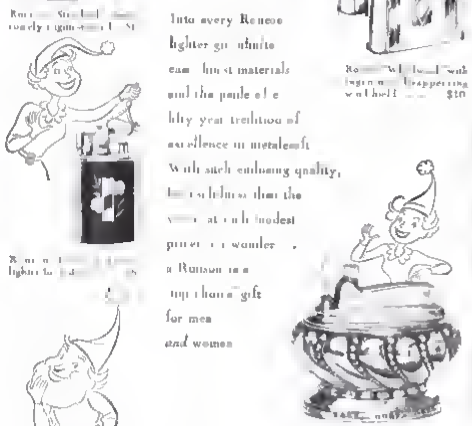
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He Whistles While He Works

Continued from page 20

Eastern Canada final between the then haughty Sarnia Imperials and the once equally imperious Hamilton Tigers. With less than five minutes to go, Sarnia was trailing 15-11 and had the ball on the Hamilton 11 yard line. Two line plays failed and on third down Rocky Persico unloosed a pass at Norm Perry. A Hamilton player, Glen Small, reached up and batted at the ball and then it fell crazily into a maze of players on the Hamilton goal line. When Crighton got the players untangled he found Perry on the bottom clutching the ball with what the Imperials believed was a completed pass and a first down. But Crighton said no. He said the ball had bounced off the ground from Small's fingers into Perry's arms and that therefore it was an incomplete pass. It was Hamilton's ball, first and 10 on their own 11-yard line. In decreed Sarnia, of course, never got the ball again as the Tigers "froze" it until time ran out.

Hamilton went on to beat the Regina Roughriders 25 to 6 to win a Canadian championship that everyone in Sarnia believed belonged to them.

That decision Crighton says today, was the most contentious he ever made in his 23 years of officiating and possibly because he is a shy man, he hopes it will always remain that way.

"Brisk, Businesslike"

Crighton isn't a big man but rather is a solid one of five feet-seven and 160 pounds. His hair, what there is of it is white and builds itself tightly around three quarters of his sun kissed skull. His mustache is grey and trimmed and his complexion, his erect unpunished stature, and his quick paced gait give the impression that here might be a physical instructor. As it turns out, he is a physical instructor, the director of physical education at Dunforth Technical School in Toronto.

On the football field, he is brisk businesslike. He is not an official like the one probably legendary who was informed by a wailing player that an opposing lineman was biting him in the scrimmages. "Well, what do you want me to do about it?" the anonymous official retorted. "phone the humane society?" Crighton is oblivious to all players complaints except those of the captains who, he says, are entitled to the officials interpretation of any play.

Although he calls the Sarnia Hamilton decision the one that has caused him the most concern, Crighton has been present in three other famous episodes when a referee's whistle won or lost a game.

In the 1937 Bomber Argo East West final the West's mere were hard pressed in the third quarter ramined up close to their goal line by a very short, high kick to their 35 where Art West of Argos caught it and was embraced by Winnipeg tacklers Jeff Nicklin and Bud Marquardt. The ball squirted loose. Marquardt gobbled it up and lectured 75 yards on his long stilt-like legs. The triumphant smile of a touchdown runner vanished from his face as he turned in the end zone to discover that Umpire Eddie Grant of Winnipeg had called the play back. Marquardt and Nicklin, he ruled, had not allowed West the required five yards while he was running the punt. Crighton, the referee, had nothing to say then and he has nothing to say now about the play except to mention that he was running up the field under the kick and was out in position, as Grant was, to view the play. The Bombers lost, 4-3.

The "Quick" Whistle

Last fall, when Montreal Alouettes played Argos to open the Big Four season they were on the verge of a 10 to 9 defeat in the waning moments of the game when their placement specialist, Chester McCance, a former Blue Bomber, attempted to boot a field goal from a bad angle. He got the ball away but it narrowly missed the goal posts and was caught in the end zone by an Argo back who dropped the ball when a horde of white-sweatered Alouettes cascaded down on him. The loose ball was fallen on by a Montreal player.

Coach Lew Haymen leaped happily into the air, figuring his club had capitalized on the fumble to score a game-winning touchdown. Everyone else figured the same way except Head Linesman Norm Crichton, no relation to Hec, who said he'd blown his whistle before the Argonaut back dropped the ball, thereby terminating play. He ruled that the play was a one-point rouge not a five-point touchdown, and neither Haymen, hell nor high water could change his mind.

Hec Crighton, as referee, had the authority to overrule Crichton, the linesman, but while he agreed that Crichton had probably came up with a "quick" whistle he could not alter the fact that the whistle *had* been blown. The game ended therefore, in a 10 to 10 tie.

Argos and Alouettes finished the season in a tie, and more confusion followed Argos' 12 to 6 victory in the sudden-death play off for the league championship. Late in the game with Argos hanging successfully but somewhat desperately to their one touchdown lead, the Alouettes got a series of ground plays clicking and moved the ball to the Argo eight-yard line. Virgil Wagner, swift Montreal back, got away around left end and appeared headed for a touchdown. But near the goal line, he was hit hard by the defending Argos. He fumbled the ball and it rolled into the end zone where Argonauts fell on it to concede Montreal one point. The Alouettes led by Haymen, claimed that Wagner had crossed the goal line before he had been hit, which would have meant an automatic touchdown. But Umpire Seymour Wilson, who was standing in the umpire's position behind the defending team, ruled that Wagner had not crossed the line. Referee Crighton, standing in the referee's position behind the attacking team, agreed with his decision.

Disappointed coaches who have been on the wrong end of close decisions like these have been known to matter that film can corroborate the referees, linesmen and umpires look like skunks in their working costume. The officials are encased in white caps, black and white shirts, white knickers, black stockings, white socks and black belts.

No one knows just why they must wear such eye jarring apparel. It certainly doesn't steal the scene from the players, because football officials gain less attention from the spectators than the officials of any other sport. Crighton is inclined to think this is because most football fans know little or nothing of the game's rules. They turn up in their thousands, he figures, to satisfy their taste for physical violence. So, when a referee blows his whistle and pushes his hands forward to signal illegal interference, not many of the crowd snarl at him because not many of them understand just why the play was stopped.

Continued on page 25



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Continued from page 26

Not always naturally, in fandom ignorant and not always either do the officials escape unbruised. Winnipeg invaded Ottawa to battle for the national championship before the war with Crighton handling the guns and Eddie Grant of Winnipeg and Fran Bennett of Montreal also cleared in the mysterious striped suits. Winnipeg won the game and title by a single point.

As the three officials trudged from the field, a small boy confronted Crighton and demanded: "Which one of you guys is Crighton?" "Why that is him right behind me, son," said Herr, drawing into the dressing room. The small boy thereupon let loose with a four-pound snowball which caught the astonished Benedict squarely on the back of his neck.

Crighton, now 47 and entering his 13th season as referee in the Interprovincial Rugby Football Union, more pleasantly herewas the Big Four has never since doubted that his decisions might not be received with complete accord.

Actually refereeing is a hobby with Hec, one that can be more lucrative than most hobbies since senior referees collect $50 and more a game in his area, but still a hobby. And just as his sideline is close to his heart, so is his job of director of physical education at Danforth Tech. His square name is Hector Naismith Crighton, M.Sc., although he balks at mention of that massive array of science degrees. Physical education, which he earned at University of Wisconsin, isn't summer. He'll never become Dr. Crighton. "My wife would leave me if I ever buried myself in the books and went north for a Ph.D.," he smiles. "Football keeps me away from home enough as it is."

The 135-lb. Quarterback

As a youngster he played sports of all sorts, although he weighed only 135 pounds when he quarterbacked the University of Toronto to the intercollegiate football championship in 1927. Earlier he played basketball and baseball in schools in Toronto where he was born April 2, 1900. He hadn't planned attending university; in fact, went to work at odd jobs for three years before deciding in 1923 to go back to school. Thus he was 27 when he came out of the College of Education in 1927 to join the athletic department at Humberside Collegiate. After two years at Humberside Crighton went to a brand new institution in Windsor, Kennedy Collegiate, where he spent three years. He remembers a young fellow named Joe Krol as a "little wee guy who used to come around to practice broad jumping." The big athlete in the school then was Joe's brother Johnny, whom Hec recalls as the best high-school quarterback he ever saw.

In 1933 Crighton moved to Danforth where, except for a five-year break during the war, he has remained. He was an RCAF wing commander and spent four years overseas in charge of recreation and special services.

What a Referee Does

Crighton wrestled this summer with an opportunity to become director of athletics at the University of Saskatchewan, finally decided he liked Danforth too well. There he spends the school year directing sports for the 1,800 students (600 of them boys). Football, of course, is the sport he likes most to handle and in his 10 years at Danforth his teams have won three city junior championships. This is the game he believes which best teaches a budding citizen leadership, responsibility.

"If a kid doesn't hold up his end, he lets the other kids down," points out Hec. "Kids are funny; they'll suffer almost any indignity except the reproachful glances of their pals."

Crighton first picked up a referee's whistle in 1924 when he handled games in the Toronto high-school league. Then he graduated to the Ontario Rugby Football Union where he worked from 1930 to 1932, and in 1933 he handled his first Big Four game. He has, of course, performed as head linesman and umpire, although in recent years he has almost invariably been the top official, the referee.

The head linesman's job, mainly, is to watch for offsides. As the teams line up at the line of scrimmage before each play, the head linesman takes a position halfway between the two lines and near the sidelines. If any lineman advances before the ball has been snapped, the head linesman is in excellent position to call the offside. That official also supervises the movement of the yardsticks and signals substitutes in the game.

The umpire, taking position behind the defending team before each scrimmage, watches for interference with pass receivers and centres downfield kicks for such obstacles as not per

Continued on page 30



©MACLEAN'S

Some things you should know about **pneumonia**

One of a series of messages from Parke, Davis & Co., Ltd. on the importance of prompt and proper medical care

"OH, they can clear up pneumonia easily now with the new drugs."

You've probably heard some such remark in recent years. Actually a considerable truth. While medicine has made wonderful gains in its struggle with pneumonia, the disease can still be a critical one. Even fatal—and true even to yourself to have up-to-date information about it.

Kinds of pneumonia

Three are a number of different kinds of pneumonia. By laboratory tests, X-rays, or other diagnostic methods your doctor can tell which kind a patient has. He can then determine which, if any, of the new infection-fighting drugs should be used.

Here are the major kinds of pneumonia:

1. Pneumococcic pneumonia

In most years, the majority of pneumonia cases in this country are caused by organisms of the pneumococcus family. Their are about 40 types of these organisms. Fortunately, the sulfa drugs or penicillin—or both—have been found effective against all these 40 types.

2. Streptococcic pneumonia

Organisms of the streptococcus family can also cause pneumonia. Your doctor can fight them too with one of the sulfa drugs, penicillin or other medicaments.

3. Friedlander's pneumonia

This is brought on by an organism known as Friedlander's bacillus. Neither sulfa nor penicillin is effective, but streptomycin—a new drug, not yet generally available—has been successfully used in some cases.



4. Virus pneumonia

Rarely recognized 15 years ago, this has now become quite common in their recovery. There are an undetermined number of types of virus pneumonia, most of them highly contagious. Virus pneumonias, unfortunately, do not yield to the new infection-killing drugs, and in these cases prompt diagnosis and careful nursing are especially important.

Preventing pneumonia

In spite of the effectiveness of the new drugs against most kinds of pneumonia, your doctor would far rather help you *prevent* the disease than *cure* it.

There is no vaccine that has proved satisfactory in immunizing against pneumonia. *But there is a great deal you can do to avoid getting it.*

Pneumonia often strikes a person when run down in health or tired, or who has had grippe, influenza or a severe cold. So if you have been with fever or a cough that hangs on, or if you suspect your have grippe or influenza—*call your doctor.*

For by helping you through these dangerous moments, he can enormously reduce your risk of contracting pneumonia.

Medicine's winning fight

Because of the remarkable record medicine has made in the last quarter century, there is hardly a spectacular decline in deaths from pneumonia.

Actually, less than half as many Canadians die now from pneumonia as in 1921.

In the old days, the average pneumonia patient ran a high fever until the seventh, eighth or ninth day. Now, however, your doctor may be able to reduce your fever to normal within 24 hours.

In fact, when a person in good health gets ill, health counsels pneumonia today, the chances are that prompt and proper medical attention will bring him through.

SEE YOUR DOCTOR! When you or your children have severe colds accompanied by fever, *call your physician promptly.*

Makers of medicines prescribed by physicians

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Mr. Is smart! Like *better* than of the hair you've got than of the first requisites of handsome healthy looking hair is a *hygienic scalp*

So why settle for just any hair dressing when you can enjoy the extra benefits of a highly scientific hair tonic like Kreml!



NEVER SMOTHERS HAIR DOWN WITH GREASY GOO!

Kreml [illegible] that cheap greasy paint-like look. It imparts [illegible] giving shine you want in

IS YOUR HAIR SO DRY IT BREAKS AND FALLS?





You'll like Kreml because it [illegible] Kreml massage [illegible] Shampoo [illegible] Kreml [illegible] for that [illegible] Kreml [illegible]

The [illegible] and their sister [illegible] Kreml Hair Tonic are products of

Continued from page 28

mailing the receiver five yards of freedom. The umpire also watches for holding. On all goal kicks, if hands in the attacking team's phalanx of all of whom are required to block all handicap players with their bodies only.

The referee, from his position behind the attacking team, is required to see that the ball is played properly into play. To watch eligible pass receivers on forward passes all of whom except the two ends must be behind the line of scrimmage when the ball is centred. To see that no rifle thru the offensive line is carried on further than the allowable 10 yards beyond the line of scrimmage. To watch for eligible players on muzzle kicks (these must be behind the kicker when he hands the ball) and other duties which might crop up to back a whistle is knowledge of the rules.

Most unusual things can crop up in a game which help to make the casual spectator as ignorant of what's going on as say the whistler in the last seven to the Eastern Canada final between the Argos and the Big Four champions and Bobby Bruch who was the ORFU crown the Argonauts (who were ranked lucky by Ben Hutchinson to the early game. They responded with one of their own and were trailing 12 to 6 when Beach started to pull again.

On third down to Argonaut territory, Butch Bob Porter called for an assault kick. The play caught the Argos with their breeches down and the Bombers charged up the ball. Porter touched it, thereby placing onside all of his teammates who were in his wake. The ball rolled into third and time with an Argo within 15 yards of it. George Edwards giant converted Jim Beaukes reached the ball first but instead of falling on it kept it touchdown he batted it forward about 10 yards to another Balmy Beach player.

That was the denouement. Instead of setting up another touchdown Edwards had committed an offside pass in the goal area and refused Crighton had no recourse but to give the ball to Argos on the 10 yard line. Argos hoarded an unexpected lift and with Krol getting long, and the old Copeland catching went right up the field and in the dying moments of the first half scored on a touchdown pass and converted to gain a 12 to 12 tie at half time. Just as all seemed lost, which they quickly made their own in the second half.

He Likes Our Rules

Crighton, of course, doesn't labor under the delusion that the spectator knows nothing at all about the game. He merely believes that because many of the rules are intricate it seems logical that people who do not make football their business can't be expected to know all of them. The ordered of the forward pass upset the game up boundbody, but the spectator and Crighton also think the new 10-yard allowable interference beyond the line of scrimmage. The rule part of the Western Canadian code since 1938 was adopted in the East last season after having been moved slowly from an yards at all in three yards to five yards. The change has upset play to Gunnell particularly his points not because now all of that can be brought into the attack. Crighton doesn't feel that unlimited substitutions as is permitted by the United States would make much difference in the game here because he says that out unity American teams utilize more than 19 yards in getting thru their match way.

American blocking is superior to the Canadian variety he finds but that's only a temporary condition. Blocking is a comparatively new assignment for most Canadians he points out and when experience can perfect.

But for Crighton's money, the Americans can keep their four downs. He likes Canadian three. "Three downs provide a gambling element" he says. "It can be mighty tough to pick up 10 yards in three tries. Four downs kill to get the defensive team in two break thru make for offensive rule."

In fact Crighton a student of rules can find only one fault with the Canadian code as is now constituted. That's the rule governing a blocked kick on third down. Like most pigskin pundits he feels that if a defending team, often holding the opposition for two downs can get through to block a kick on third down it has earned possession regardless of which team recovers the loose ball. Last year if the offending team recovered it was permitted to take its third down over again. This year the rule has been modified only slightly now the attacking team, if it recovers the loose ball is penalized 10 yards but still retains third down possession.

Football isn't the only extracurricular in the life of Crighton although he thinks enough of it to hope his son Ronald now 13 will let it help him become a man." He interested in photography has prompted his friend newspaper columnist and former football coach Ted Reeve to call him the post mortem Yousuf Karsh. In golf and the hobby linked enthusiastically he is nobody's poor man as each other. Of Mr. Crighton golf is run is said only that he takes a magnified game of football at the 19th hole. ★

The Slip

Continued from page 19

as he stared at Hilda. "Don't tell me Hilda's getting in bit good to me!"

"You fooling better soon!" said Hilda hopefully. "Soon you go out and get job, maybe!"

"Sure," said Joe grinning broadly. "Sure. A job!"

"And to stay inside so long," said Hilda nodding. "Fresh air is good for you."

For a moment a dull went through Joe. Then his face broke into a wide grin. "Hilda, you're a smart girl!" he said. "Maybe you'll take a walk with me in the park, eh?"

A dull crimson rush swept Hilda's face. She blushed as if she were in pain. Wordlessly she nodded then turned around and rushed out.

JOE GRINNED after her. This was working out beautifully. He needed somebody he could trust. He couldn't walk alone. Hilda could not only be useful she could be amusing. Joe looked in disgust at the room he was in. The wallpaper was peeling, the furniture was filthy, the room was dark, the bed wasn't fit to sleep in. Joe shook his head. No wonder his nerves were raw, nothing in this hole day after day. Well it wouldn't be much longer. And he could make the time pass more easily with Hilda.

The next day when Hilda brought his breakfast in, he said: "I'm feeling a little better today." He smiled genially at her. "Getting over my sickness fast."

Hilda clasped her huge hands together nervously happily. "I am glad. I can tell Mr. Thompson he will be happy."

Joe's blood congealed. "Who's Mr. Thompson?" he said, holding himself rigid.

"The postman. He wonders why no mail comes for you box. I tell him you are veteran who sick in ——." Hilda faltered. She did not like to say sick to the head.

Right," said Joe relieved. His story had been put across. "It's all right, Hilda. You can say it. I'm not ashamed of being sick." He'll him I am a psycho. Joe repeated it two or three times so Hilda would get it. "Psycho, see. I'm very nervous from the war. Afraid to go out."

At last, unhappily pale with rage, Hilda's pale blue eyes. "That's what I tell him," she said. "He is sorry to hear it."

Hilda started removing the breakfast dishes. Joe looked down carefully. He longed to kicked at Hilda. He was impossible she seemed. Joe groaned inwardly for the postman joke. He stopped in turn to Hilda and casually put an arm around her and kissed her. She uttered a dubious cry and then when nothing about him usually smiled again.

"Hey," said Joe, "I'm taken it easy kid."

Hilda smiled with naïveté joy. She stood before him, trembling, wordless a vast ocean of love swelling within her.

"There was a call to the hall, Hilda's mother.

"Come down and clean the hall," she yelled, deep suspicion in her voice at the length of time it Hilda's visit.

Hilda blushed and went out throwing Joe a look of great promise. She clumped rapidly, heavily down the stairs.

Amused Joe went to the window to take a look at the police station. His body stiffened as he saw a man walk toward the door step and look up at his window. It was the postman Mr. Thompson. As Joe let the curtain drop quickly he realized with a quickness in his stomach that post offices usually have pictures of wanted criminals. Maybe ——

JOE WAS in a sweat. He walked back and forth nervously trying to figure angles. Even if that hadn't identified him as he'd driven away from the dead messenger still thrived in a reward out. The postman might be suspicious. He was asking questions.

"I've got to get out of here," he muttered. Fast.

He had to find a new hide-out. He knew the place, two blocks from the laundry on Eighth Street. The hiding room. He'd go down to see if it was clean around from the new hiding place for the money thru room back road.

When he told Hilda he was going, out for his first walk in six weeks, she impulsively reached out huge hands and hugged him till he gasped.

"I go too, okay, said with authority. "No," he said harshly. "You don't go with me."

Hilda looked hurt. She started to crawl humbly away. Joe felt uneasy. He couldn't afford to offend her. You never knew when you need a lady lost. He grabbed Hilda and kissed her.

"I'll be back for you, kid," he said lying easily. We stick together from now on. We'll get married."

He left but when it got dark. He walked walk his collar up, hat him low. First to the post office. There were no packages for him but there was a reward for the capture of the pistol, rubber and matches. Joe cursed. He made for the laundry. From a block away he saw two plain-clothes men loitering across the street. They were watching waiting.

Frantically Joe went back. They were on his trail. Only one thing to do. Take Hilda and hope. The opponent would be a row rap fun leaving sad booty.

Joe walked into his room and looked about in a frenzy of his brain. The windows were wide open letting in the night air. The room was swept and cleaned. There were objects to fit the shades. A step behind him to old him what to face, a sail-eyed giveaway, Hilda. Joe, thanking all the money he had hidden pointed to the brand new mattress on the bed and it revived.

"What did you do with the old mattress?"

"Mamma burned it," said Hilda happily. A present in from new son-in-law. Everything new, fine.

The screams and yells went hazed across the street in the police station. They came running. ★

I'll Take Europe

Continued from page 16

apprenticeship to the European way of life. That way as I learned it had birth in carnivals with the life of an Oppenheim novel exhausting in the end reporters. The parade of bubbly, the underworld, the casinos were a long way from the dissonance of the Sorbonne and the student's cafés of the Latin Quarter.

Maybe that's why my faith in Europe has lasted because its foundation was the plain and solid kind. It is certainly why after five years of war in Britain ——years made deliberately wretched by the separation and misunderstanding between the two countries I returned with joy to a Paris whose liberation was but two weeks old proud and happy as I have been a resistance. In short, whatever shortages deprivations or distresses the French people might be called on to endure.

Because I needed it in that spirit my life on the Old Continent has been retrench happy. Thousands of others feel the same way. It is sadly true that there are broken hearts and homes there ruined cities, ghastly battlefields. But there is still faith there, and truth and love, and there are men who know better than to dissent it with cynicism.

Why in it that the British Empire and perhaps beyond redemption by having poured all their resources into a war for liberty still retains a moral prestige. A nation as world diplomacy which owes America can not yet estimated. That the French Empire and disillusioned working without rich quarry and luxury in a broken country have pushed them to productivity back to the pre-1939 level. That Belgium and Holland have rebuilt their fabric and their national prosperity by hard hard work like Norway and Denmark. That Switzerland still makes that largest and smartest tradition. The U.S.A. look like a gain appreciative. Is the kind of nationalism which is not reducible to terms of plumbing?

I say it is because the citizens of these lands believe in themselves. Time be for settings rather than the dread of the Russian bogey just beyond the

Continued on page 51

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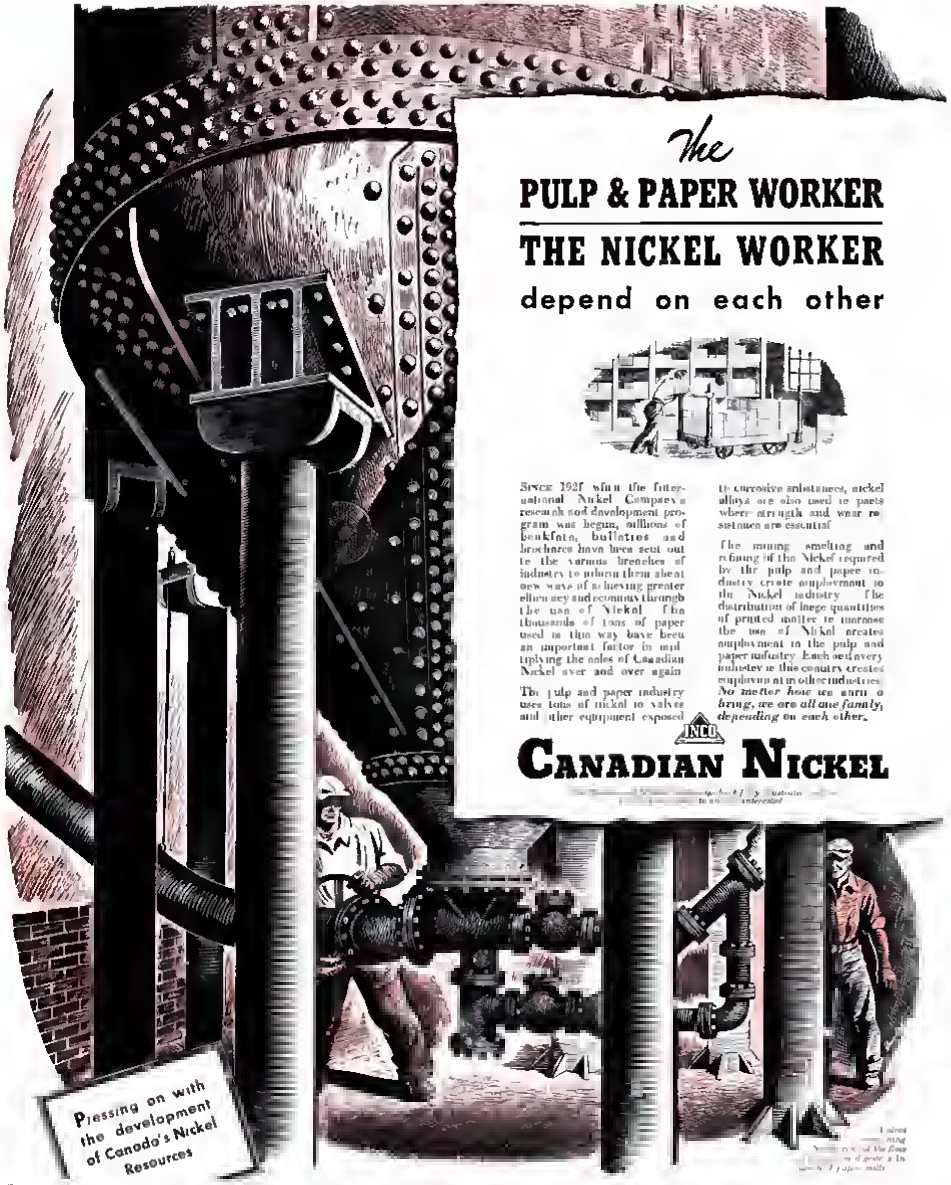
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THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, 25 KING STREET W., TORONTO

Continued from page 31

"iron curtain" much as it seems to terrify the rich countries 3,000 miles away. And with themselves they believe is the future of their countries, which first of all depends on their own hands and hearts.

They Don't All Want to Quit

This is what I see often feel about Britain in her present trials. That if her children don't help her she is lost indeed. I don't blame the young people who think of emigrating in get away from the dingy, bureaucratic country that Britain has become. I saw with dismay every time I went back on leave to London or to Scotland the steady deterioration of morale and the increasing signs of physical exhaustion. It is natural that young people should begin to think of change. But if disgust with Socialist administration—a disgust which I heartily share—is to be the basic motive for emigration then it is the wrong motive, and will make the emigrants good citizens in the new land of their choice. If such people really feel that the Socialists are bringing Britain to the dust they should stand and fight them on their own ground.

Serious political argument is one of the most exhausting occupations known to man. It is far more tiring than raising chickens which fills Sir Richard MacMillan's special contribution to the glories of British Columbia. I've had some and I know. Twice before the war I stood unsuccessfully for Parliament as a Conservative. I find it easier to be bombed and blitzed—anonymously—than to face the hostility of an audience out to wreck your chances if they can not to mention the mud-constructions, the whispering campaigns, the committee discussions and all the other joys which go hand in hand with party politics. But I would rather fight and lose than fade out of the contest, or gracefully decline to fight at all.

Because there are thousands who have the courage of their convictions in Britain and in France—the countries I know best—I deny absolutely the opinion which Richard MacMillan quotes approvingly from a French bank clerk—that every Frenchman, every European with ambition and self respect wishes for a chance to emigrate. This is not only silly but misleading. It adds one more bit of buildup to the legends now current or that sentimentalists, which represent Europe alternatively as an vast ghetto tenanted by displaced skeletons or as an even vaster luxury hotel in which blank marketeers wallow in their ill gotten wealth. And since the law of supply and demand operates in legends as in other commodities it may well be that such tales circulate because they are enjoyed—because it is satisfying to sit swigging soda pop in Toronto and thank God that one is not as these barbarous Frenchmen who have nothing to drink but wine.

"Bread and Wine and Gaiety"

Of course the bank clerk in MacMillan's story had been "with the Free French forces in London" which explains a good deal. Many followers of De Gaulle are disgruntled today now that the soldier they followed has turned out to be just as three politician. I compare that bank clerk who dare not marry on 10,000 francs ($83) a month and longs to emigrate, with an elderly Parisian I knew, a soldier of World War I who keeps himself and his wife with dignity on just that sum. He gave up his job, his only source of income during the Occupation rather than work for a firm which supplied the Germans. To me that man who would commit suicide sooner than quit Paris is one of the small silent heroes of the Resistance—one of the little people who keep me proud of France.

In my student days I knew the Paris of the "little guy" later the Paris of the Bourse and the businessmen later still the delightful Paris of the *Faubourg St. Honoré*. The *faubourg* is supposed to be fashionable but it is possible to live there without pretentiousness. I had a two-room furnished apartment there last year in the very heart of Paris which I rented for $40 a month paying $2.50 a week for the heating (by wood) of one room and I made out well enough on the French civilian ration supplemented by cigarettes candy and soap from the British Embassy commissary.

In all my different groups of friends I knew people who complained of the ruin ation sometimes but who stood by their country always, and in the standing they have won. In the impoverished Paris of 1200 A.D. a chronicler wrote that "even in France have nothing but bread and wine and gaiety"; the same is nearly true in the Paris of 1947.

What will not be so funny. I know very well will be getting accustomed to shortages again this winter after enjoying Canadian abundance. I shall enjoy *café nationale* after Canada's excellent *café au lait*, especially as not one drop of *lait* will ever come my way. It'll be a nuisance to lie awake from the cold again and not be able to buy some needed article of dress as well, but if ever I learned that man does not live by bread alone I have learned it the hard way on the North American continent and off from nearly all the spiritual values of our European civilization.

These I know are not marked upon the yardstick of the quality of life. They measure happiness by the honoring of the ten return and the prompt delivery of their bread. It is an anti-climax to the renegades of last century, the "Just-for-a-handful-of-silver he left us" boys. Get quitters move out for a handful of coffee beans.

Canada's Not a Rest Home

So the solution of my personal equation number one, is just this. For more than 30 years of my life Scotland and France gave me the very best that was in them. I grew up strong and healthy through a happy girlhood and received an education unsurpassable of its kind. Incidentally my grandfather's studies pursued at Aberdeen and Paris over a period of seven years cost my parents precisely $294 in fees. I think $42 a year compares very favorably with anything the land of opportunity" can offer.

Then came years of work and travel in beautiful countries and sophisticated cities a sturdy training in being a good European.

I don't think even the long spell of war and war's aftermath is a big enough item to swing the debit side. I don't think it entitles me to run away just because the going has become a little rough. And I don't think all the work I've done so far has nearly paid the debt I owe to France and Scotland. Such qualifications as they have given me (which are not those of a poultry keeper in British Columbia) are therefore at their service still.

I can perfectly understand the attention of Canada for those who consider themselves entitled to make what is euphemistically called a new start in life. The vitality, the potential strength of the Dominion cannot be overstated. Canada is a Great Power in the making, so that it is

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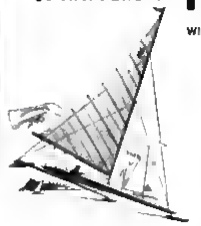
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exhilarating to live here and see what will happen next. But Canada is above all else a young man's country. She is not a Home of Rest for middle aged journalists or for anyone else who has been worsted in the European battle of life. One has to start out here with energy and without the critical apparatus for those of us who are critical by habit or profession. There is indeed some reason to wonder why Canada should be built up as an earthly paradise.

I shall never forget my first sight of Ottawa in a mantle of late winter snow. Tired though with cosmopolitan filth, rapidly warmed my heart as splendid New York could never do. The courage to people their towering consciousness of immensity, the official notices written in both French and English and above all the presence of a Speaker, French in aspect and accent, in the House of Commons built to resemble the British Parliament greatly pleased and excited me. Given my personal acquaintance about the Arch Alliterer, the Honourable of France and Scotland. It was inevitable that I should feel with joy that here beyond the Atlantic was the beautiful and hopeful child which Two old and weary countries had given to the world.

I didn't know then that the child had two heads which gnawed each other.

The discovery of the antipathy between Anglo-Canadians and French-Canadians was my first. As it is still my greatest disillusionment in Canada. I tried at the Establishment friendship between Scots and French. It is the old hostility between French and English which has been fostered on the barrenest soil where there was good living and no spare for both.

Feuds That Crossed the Sea

This hostility affects Dominion politics. It affects immigration. It affects the attitude of residents toward newcomers. It has stultified the civic life of the West where previously I should not have told me that "Quebec is the first that wage the dog."

Canada will never become a Great Power nor even a great nation till she eradicates this racial cancer and drains it of some of its sectarian poisons which are rampant in it. For I have lived in Canada the same violent Protestant versus Catholic feuds that I read of when in life in the slums of Liverpool and Glasgow. Though I am a Protestant myself, I will say that the scurrilous unspeakable anonymous abuse which assailed me in Winnipeg was written by Protestant humour because I had used in an interview that same phrase racial cancer *without* uttering imprecations against the Pope of Rome.

Now if I wanted to live in the local surroundings of Orange Lodges, I need never have left the West of Scotland. Similarly I am glad that a Prime Minister who industriously who thought of emigrating to Montreal in the disillusionment which followed the Labor rout had the sense to change his mind and stay in France. His reason was that it was his duty to remain to bring up his four children to be good French citizens. He did not know just need never know how this urban liberal Catholicism would have been found in a lady with the purest radish denunciation of Quebec.

I wonder if after all the heroic French and Scottish pioneers of Canada brought the best traditions of their homelands with them? They certainly brought some of the worst habits of pure chauvinism, parish pump politics, talk to direct town versus town and province versus province and provincialism. Imperial war which may be politely applied or much disguised.

Liquor control in the West has done nothing to abolish drunkenness. Witness the patrons who stagger vomiting from the beer parlors of Vancouver's East Hastings Street—witness the bootleggers who flourish in Winnipeg's North End—witness the drunken stevedores from the Maritimes who made Indecent a recent journey of mine on the Hudson Bay Railway. All the beastialities of Canada have observed is the furtive glass taken furtive adventure so that Canadians now drink like Americans, in gulps to the slogan of "Let's get stinko!"

Those Terrible Meals

Canada in fact is busy getting herself a set of new traditions from south of the border. The Americanization of some of her cities and nearly all her young people is very apparent to European eyes. And the American model for Canadian cities, is alas neither San Francisco nor New Orleans but built on the smallest of midwestern lines—witness the hideous town of Winnipeg.

Good Old Country dishes are still put on the table in private homes. But in the lunchcounters and cafeterias which reflect the eating standards of the average citizen—the bountiful Lukullian produce of Canada—is tortured into a parody of what America eats from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Hamburgers, cheeseburgers, hot dogs, Sandwiches slobbers with gravy and cole slaw. Soggy doughnuts and bilious cream pies. Rubber stamped loaf for canada and bodies turned out on a Willow Run conveyor of similarity.

Give me the little Café de la Maine round the corner from the Madeleine, where I ate a dollar dinner every day but fell. Give me the tarty soup from the *pot-au-feu* the French cooked meat and vegetables the black coffee of that non-black market table. Yes and for my dollar I really *got* a table, with a clean paper cover in Paris you don't perch on a tottering stool with your neighbor's elbow in your dish.

American newspapers and magazines American movies and athletes have as strong an influence upon Canada as American politics. No wonder these are Canadians who say:

Let us join up with the U. S. A. and have done with it. The danger of Americanization does not disturb us in Europe although it may turn Canada from a potential Great Power into a mere satellite. Even the presence of American troops in our midst did not thrill us with the desire to become Americans. Or the contrary.

In Canada Americana entices even while it penetrates. Young people cross the border in search of the bigger wages the States offers. Can it be that the land of opportunity is not to quote the same extent the land of permanency? I am not impressed by the salaries or the assignments given here to the women in my own profession. The editor of the woman's page in one of Canada's most respectable dailies who has charge of four subordinates told me that in 25 years with the paper the highest wage the ever earned was $50 a week. That happens to be the starting wage for a girl reporter in the average London newspaper. Canada will have to do better than that if she wants to attract and hold citizens of talent or have a population composed of any other than manual laborers.

I maintain that for people of initiative and resource there are at least as many opportunities and outside the black market at that as in our war-scarred country. As there are in unspoiled Canada. It is true that in Europe we have to pick our way between quarrelsome factions and racial groups. So you do in Canada. Do you think the Doukhobor riots make elevating reading in American? Do you think the Flemings and Walloons who are often at loggerheads will feel tempted to leave Belgium for Canada when they hear of the difficulties of the Mennonites and Hutterites?

Why in small groups penned in Canada so that human English birth remains no Englishman and no Canadian, a Ukrainian publication demands more jobs for Ukrainians or such a Russian official issues such a ukase on politics as recently enlivened a Ukrainian picnic? Why in short is there no more racial or religious unity in this beautiful New World than there ever was in the Old?

These are questions for Canada to answer but in the meantime some of the newcomers remain for a few shocks. They will find for example that exchange control is just as rigid here as in Europe, immigration officers just as hard to please. At my own entry at White Rock, B.C. I found the officer part as pertinacious in examining all my papers, just as grim in listening to my statements as his jack-booted counterparts on the well-guarded Dutch frontier.

And the newcomers may find poor devils that the peace they sought is just as uneasy in Canada as it is in Europe.

If I dreamed of settling in Canada it would not be among the orchards of British Columbia or even in the French villages to me so sympathetic of the Province of Quebec. I would go to the Yukon, the last frontier, the magnetic north, where the finest young Canadians I know are building a province of the future. Up there it might occur to me (as a veteran I wouldn't much care) that if Russia ever declares war on the democracies she is hardly likely to be so obliging as to invade through Alaska and hit the Americans bear the brunt of the attack. She will strike across the pole at those undefended beautifully constructed airfields at Whitehorse. Yellowknife, Churchill, flying south from there in a few hours to Edmonton and Winnipeg and on to the Great Lakes the gateway to North America's industry. This land is just as valuable and its people just as competent as I ever were the warriors which put their trust in the Maginot Line.

I'd Like To Visit, But . . .

So the summary of my personal equation number two must be. Since all the dissensions of Europe plus the threat of war are due to be found in Canada, I may as well go home and cope with them where the way of living is both congenial and familiar.

Not that Canada is uncongenial to me. I like it a lot. I respect it. I have great confidence in its future. I want to come back often. My life would be poorer if I never saw the Yukon again, or the majestic Rockies or touched the hands of my new Canadian friends. For them my sincerest wish is that they may park the right citizens to help them in their tasks. For if Canada should wilfully turn herself into a vast D. P. larger or an asylum for the quitters of Europe she will hand herself over lock stock and barrel to the weaklings and the slaves.

Thanks, Canada, for the new energy you gave me. I am likely to need it all. When the Queen Elizabeth pulls away from New York harbor one day soon I'll look north and think of your New World with much affection, even as I make my private act of faith and drive to the Old. ★



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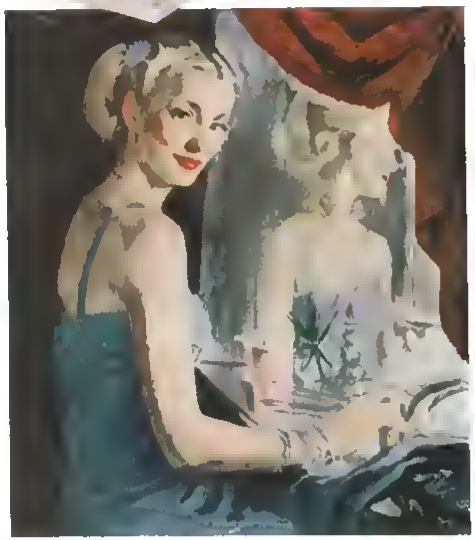
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Change of Scene

Continued from page 23

was restless, unhappy and insecure. Perhaps if Connie had just gone away for a change—if only off to the lake somewhere for a week or so, it might not have happened.

Hi, mum! Got my shorts ready? Or will I wear those until you've washed 'em?

She turned to find Jamey standing in the door, his face shining with dried soap, his lean, tanned body naked except for a pair of pyjama trousers.

"Hello, sly Jamey!"

"Oh heck, it's so hot mom, and if my shorts aren't ready what's the duff?"

"How many times have I told you not to abbreviate words like that? And go right upstairs and put on something decent."

"Oh, mum—!"

"Did you hear me, Jamey?"

As he went she knew her impatience was unreasonable, her irritability unjustified. She watched Jamey mount the stairs with a listlessness that had been absent when he'd entered the kitchen a few minutes before. She was quite aware that she had removed on with a well-rich, the shining surface of Jamey's day.

SHE PUT the coffee on, began to prepare eggs, slice bread for toast. Then she stood for a moment staring out the window.

In the leaf-burdened elm tree to the left of the small garden a thrush was singing a sweet sound on so young and quiet a morning, a song that would have made something inside her rejoice a few months ago would have caused her to call up the stairs to Murray. "Listen—do you hear that bird?" And Murray's answer would have come down to her. "Uh-uh."

But she'd have known he was listening, his head cocked to one side as he fixed the knot in his tie before the mirror. Now the only feeling she had was a dull feeling that it was the same song from the same bird in the same tree she'd been looking at for as long as she cared to remember. She glanced at the deep splash of crimson against the green of the lawn. The weigela rose bushes were blooming full and fragrant as ever. Dew lay on the grass as they had on the morning before, and she drenched, sweet smell of the earth and mown grass came in through the window to mix with the scent of brewing coffee. It spoke of a hundred waking happy hours, a thousand tender words.

"Smells good!" Murray's voice, with a gentle forced cheerfulness behind it, plunged into her thoughts. His tone of *oh come on Hilda things are not so bad as all that* irritated her almost beyond endurance.

But she must not lose control of herself, she thought. She turned and smiled at Murray briefly. "Same old smell," she said brightly, her usually soft mouth drawn into a tight grim little line. "Just toast and coffee."

"Good smell on a morning like this." He sounded like some self-opinionated old clergyman, she thought. He began to rustle his paper, turning it from new on, he was absorbed and not to be disturbed unless there was a family crisis.

She poured his coffee, placed the toast before him and the bacon and eggs. Then she called up the stairs, her voice, against her will, rising in a strained, high-pitched petulance. "Jamey, for heaven's sake, how long does it take you to change into a pair of pants?"

There was no answer from Jamey's room and Murray held his paper down suddenly and began to eat as if all taste for the meal had been abruptly removed.

After a moment, when she had sat down beside him, he glanced at her out of the corners of his eyes. "Hilda," he began, "how would you like to take a short holiday—away from us both for a while—?"

Now that he was suggesting the idea to her it was the last thing in the world she wanted. "You know perfectly well we haven't any money for such a thing," she said quietly, trying to smile normally at him and failing entirely. "Why suggest things that can't be done?"

Murray was looking supremely uncomfortable. "Well," he said at last, his voice low now and under strong control. "I don't think we're as hard up as all that."

"Oh stop it, Murray—eat your breakfast. You can't afford to give me the change of scene that would really do me good, somewhere where there was life and gaiety and dancing, you know that. What in the world would I do moaning about at a lake by myself—?" She pressed her hands tightly down on the edge of the kitchen table and fought for control of herself, feeling frustration and a greed we're of mother-in-law burdens engulfing her.

Murray laid his hand over hers for a moment, and his very gentleness seemed to anger her the more. "Look, Hilda, think it over, will you? I think I can arrange something better than that, for a week or so, and Jamey and I can look after ourselves very well for a time, can't we, Jamey?"

The boy was standing in the doorway. "What, pop?" he asked, slouching over to his chair, his hands plunged steeply into his pockets. "Mom not well?"

Hilda rose, then tears falling down her face in a heedless, hot, bitter stream.

"Oh, stop it, both of you," she exclaimed, jabbing at Jamey's eggs in the pan. "You'd think you were both a couple of prison wardens or something. I wish you'd just leave me alone—that's all."

Murray took up the paper again and Jamey swallowed his orange juice in a gulp, his eyes on his father. He put his glass down and looked up at his mother, a forced, tight grin on his face.

"Sure," he said, twisting his long legs, one around the other, under the table. "Well, that won't be difficult, mum, Tim and I are going for a hike—but way all day."

"When are you thinking of going, son?" Murray's voice was suddenly soft, his eyes on the boy's bright face.

"Dunno, yet. Tim's got ideas."

Hilda plugged in the iron and while it was heating began to prepare a packet of sandwiches, tomatoes, cheese, some fruit and cake. "Will Tim like some lunch, too, or is he bringing his own?" Her voice was level and quiet now.

Jamey looked up at her. The question was a normal, well-known, unexceeding, normal, well-known answer. He was in his own depth when she spoke like that. Her words almost put the day in right again. He cleared his throat in a strained, unconscious relief. "Tim, more the better, mum—we always get hungry even if he does bring his lunch besides—"

"I know." She smiled briefly at the boy across the room. She knew about Tim's life with his aged grandmother. She'd seen the thick, unappetizing hunks of bread and blobs of cheese the boy had bundled together for himself on other such occasions. "I'll make enough for you both and you can feed the ducks or something with the rest."

Continued on page 38



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Continued from page 36

Jamey looked at her, relieved and grateful.

Murray rose. "Well, son," he said, "have a good time and here's a spot of ready cash—" He tossed a dollar bill onto the table, winked at Jamey and then turned to Hilda. "By, honey." He kissed her briefly, pulled the lobe of her right ear gently and turned to go.

Suddenly, for no reason, anger welled up in Hilda like a sudden sickness. She hardly realized Jamey's presence any longer and her eyes were blind to Murray's face as he turned toward her, unbelief and a deep, slow custom in his eyes.

"Of course," she stammered, trying to speak evenly, "now the day is nicely fixed for you both. You're both going off to enjoy yourselves in your own ways after breakfast has been served sandwiches made, shorts pressed—but what about me?" Well, I'll tell you both something—neither of you needs to come home until you're good and ready. I'm not getting dinner ready for anyone tonight and that's that!"

There was silence in the small kitchen while sunlight flitted over walls and floor and gleaming stove.

Hilda's hands were trembling so that she could no longer hold the knife with which she had been spreading butter.

Murray turned and slowly left the room.

Jamey sat for a moment looking at his mother then he rose and came up beside her. "That's okay, mom," he said. "Tim and I can eat dinner out—with this buck." He looked down at the dollar bill lying in the palm of his hand and his eyes were brooding and restless. "And don't bother to iron the shorts," he added as he slouched toward the door. "I guess I can do without them."

He had disappeared when she turned and the kitchen was empty.

In one last attempt to take hold of herself Hilda moved swiftly to the door. "Murray!" she called. But there was no answer. She looked through the glass of the front door and saw Murray's tall figure walking rapidly, with a nervous jerky gait, down the road. His whole long body was spattered with dancing patches of light and shade from the young sun burnished leaves above his head.

She turned then, desperately, into the empty hall and called up the stairs. "Jamey—you've made enough fuss about those shorts now come down and get into them—they'll be ready in a few minutes." But Jamey, like Murray had grown to know the value of silence. There was no sound in the little hall but the thudding of her own heart.

SHE ironed the shorts, hung them over a chair, took a cigarette and went out into the garden. The air was sprayed with the warm scent of roses. It would be better, she knew, to let Jamey go off on his own without saying anything further to him. She might only make things worse. She kicked a deck chair into place on the lawn and lay back in it, her eyes closed. If only she hadn't let herself go like that, she thought. She'd made them both unhappy. The wretched feeling would last all day.

She watched the smoke rising from her cigarette in the clear light of morning and her eyes wandered across the fresh green of the lawn toward the house next door. She suddenly remembered that a moving van had been outside yesterday. The Bensons, where she and Murray had known only slightly, had left. Idly she wondered who was now in possession.

Suddenly over the fence she saw the glowing chestnut head of a young girl and two arms lifted to the clothesline. Young she thought, young and married and with a baby evidently, for small, bright colored garments were being hung up, one by one.

Hilda found herself wondering just how much such quiet movements might really conceal? If the girl could see her lying out in this deck chair, for instance; smoking a leisurely cigarette at nine in the morning she might easily conclude that a life of harmony and easy happiness lay behind it. But actually she and Murray had been quarreling on and off for months, or rather, she had been quarreling—Murray had kept silent.

Suddenly she heard the girl's voice, a low, rather husky, warm throated voice raised in what seemed to be anxiety. "Wait, darling — wait mother's coming—"

The strong slender hands disappeared from view and Hilda heard a screen door shut gently. Again there was silence in the garden while the sun mounted higher into the blue sky.

She dozed and did not waken until much later when she heard a frantic hammering on the front door. Her eyes filled with sunlight and half asleep she stumbled into the house and through the little hall. At the door stood the auburn-haired girl who had just moved in next door. Her dark green eyes were wide with fright.

"I'm terribly sorry to bother you—I began to think you weren't in. May I use your phone?—mine isn't connected yet—"

Before she could answer, the girl was brushing past Hilda into the hall.

"It's never there—" Hilda would have had to leap over the girl to get past her and show her the way, so swiftly did she move.

"Oh thank you—" The girl was already dialling a number with hands that shook. Her face was strained and dead-white against the receiver she held to her ear. "It's my baby," she said, "he's ill again—the doctor—"

She reached the doctor's office and said only: "Miss Wright? This is Mrs. Morgan—yes, yes he is—yes it is—will you tell him?—all right—"

She hung up and was immediately on her feet. He's alone in the house," she said, her eyes staring straight into Hilda's, "and I have to go to the drugstore to get a prescription until the doctor comes."

"Can't you phone?"

"They might not have a boy in. It would be quicker to go myself—I have a bicycle."

"If there's anything I can do—" murmured Hilda, lightly, "I'd be glad—"

Once again the girl looked into Hilda's eyes. Then hesitating only a fraction, with a strange look of pain almost amounting to agony, she said, "That's good of you. I wonder if you'd mind staying with him while I go to the drugstore?"

Hilda was about to ask what was wrong with the child but something in the suddenly anguished, proud way the girl lifted her head and strode to the door, prevented her. She followed her without speaking.

As they drew near the door of the next house the girl turned back to Hilda. "I always keep the medicine on hand," she said, "but with packing and moving it was really too much to do by myself, and I must have mislaid it."

Inside her own hall, the girl hesitated for a moment. Again she looked at Hilda with a deep look of appraisal. Then reaching for her purse which lay on a packing case at her side, she said quietly: "Have you any children?"

"Yes, a boy. He's almost nine."

"Philip is five, but he's—he's never grown—" she said firmly, each word thrust out from her as if she forced it.

Continued on page 40

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CANADA'S FAVORITE

SPARK PLUG

Continued from page 38

with all the strength of her will "He's in there." She indicated the living room. "Will you stay with him? I won't be more than a few minutes."

Before Hilda had time to reply, she was gone.

FOR a moment Hilda stood in the hall unable to move. *Philip is five, but he's never grown.* What did she mean? What was she going to find when she entered the room? Did the girl mean physically grown or mentally, or both? She looked up the stairway of the house and saw that the door to the bedroom upstairs was thrown wide. A peculiarly empty, lonely breeze seemed to come from the room's opened window. In front of her was the kitchen with a single cup and saucer and cereal on the table. On the hat rack in the hall was an old garden hat, a woman's. She turned and edged quietly into the living room.

In the centre of the room in which furniture was still wrapped and crated was a child's crib. Lying on a snowy blanket within it was a child. Hilda crept across the floor almost on tiptoe, her heart racing in a mixture of sudden, unaccountable dread and pity. She leaned over the crib, her hands upon the rail and looked down. The boy's eyes, deep grey, set wide apart, beautiful in shape and overarched by winged and golden brows, looked back into Hilda's eyes without the slightest sign of intelligence.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she murmured. The haunted, proud face of the girl in her mind—"how terrible!" She bent down over the crib and picked the bundle up in her arms. The child moved his head a trifle to rest it on her shoulder and his still trembling limbs seemed to cease their tremor a little as if some of the warmth of human love was soaking slowly, slowly, through his brain.

Hilda walked out into the kitchen and sat by the open door. Sunlight fell on the child's head, revealing hair as gold as her wedding ring. He moved in her arms and the delicate mouth drooled a little against her breast and she thought for a moment he smiled, but could not be sure. She looked into the wide apart eyes, deep into them, her whole heart crying out against admitting the fact so evident to her mind, but the child's eyes looked back at her blandly, with empty, patient uncommunicativeness.

She pressed the small body against her own and stared in sharp, almost personal anguish, around the room.

On the table beside the single cup and saucer there lay, as if just unpacked, the framed photograph of a young man in the uniform of an RAF pilot. Beside it, folded in soft tissue paper, as if it, too, had only just been unwrapped, was a D F C ribbon and bar. Hilda looked at the face of the young man. His eyes looked back at her, young and hopeful and full of vigor and honesty and courage. He was very handsome, with the same firm, stubborn thrust to his chin that Murray had; the same quiet, undismayed directness about his eyes.

Gently, hesitatingly, she withdrew one hand from beneath the child's body and touched the face of his father with a finger-tip. Something had happened here, she knew. The pilot had not returned. Five years ago would make it 1942, the year when so many lads fell from the skies with no time for parachutes, no time to avoid the flames. The child moved restlessly in her arms and began to cry, making a weird, heart-rending sound like the bleat of some small strange animal.

At that moment the girl appeared at the back door. Glancing at Hilda briefly, she opened the screen door and without a look at the child in Hilda's arms strode to the sink, unwrapped a small parcel, dropped a powder into a glass of water and taking a silver spoon from the draining board, turned to Hilda with a smile.

"I'll take him now," she said softly, "and thank you so much."

Hilda rose and transferred the small bundle to the arms of his mother. The girl sat down in the chair, the child propped in her arms. "Come on, my darling," she said, coaxingly, "take this like a pet."

She slid the spoon into the little mouth and the child swallowed automatically. The girl began to sing and then to slide in more medicine. The process was repeated, with her voice singing out, deep and strong, until the medicine was gone. Then, looking closely at the child's face, she smiled and turned to Hilda. "You see—!" she said joyfully, meeting her eyes. "He will be all right—perfectly all right!"

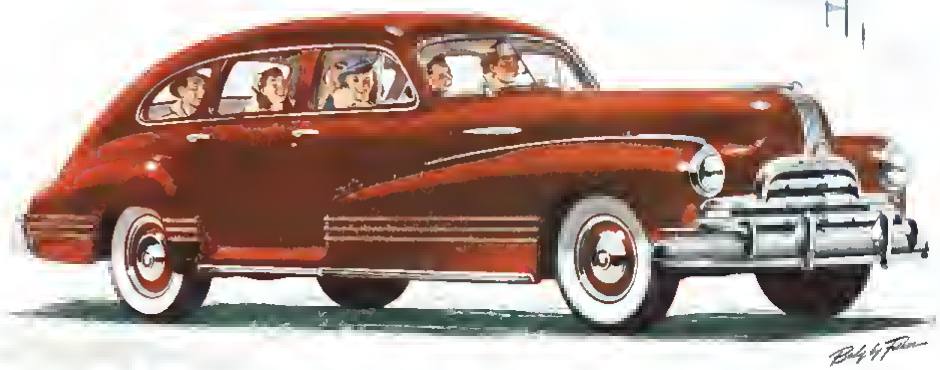
Continued on page 42



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Your "Good Things to Eat" Reporter

CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

Continued from page 40

'Yes of course.' Hilda could say nothing more. Her throat was closing slowly about the words she wanted to say, thrusting them down into her chest, down into the very pulse of her heart.

'I think I'll run home and make a cup of tea for us both,' she said, anxious to do something for the girl and to meet alone the feelings that were causing so humiliatingly within her. She bent down and lightly kissed the girl's firming piled up hair. 'I'll only be a moment,' she murmured, and softly walked from the room.

In the hall of her own house Hilda found the afternoon light just upon familiar belongings like a benediction. It was like coming home again after a long holiday. Blue flowers dropped petals from a large Chinese vase. She saw Jamey's tennis racket, a ball, Murray's golf clubs, Jamey's old cycling cap trimmed with bottle caps. Through the door of the living room she saw an open book on the arm of Murray's chair, the book on oriental architecture he'd been so deeply interested in last night. Propped against a wall was Jamey's violin, hidden in its case. Life was going on like a blessed stream for Murray, for Jamey and for herself. It had neither ended nor was it stunted. It was flowing rich and full in their veins, flowing through the rooms of this house, alive in the very air.

She walked slowly toward the kitchen, the crimson splash of wild roses meeting her eyes again through the open window. She saw the three cereal bowls deep blue in the summer light lying side by side, as they had been left on the table.

She filled the kettle and placed it to boil, then went slowly upstairs. The house seemed suddenly to sing about her now—a song of life and health and yearning days, a song of a man's safe return, his confidence and patience and strong, eager limbs of a boy's mysterious, gentle deepness and physical vigor, of a woman's life in the life of her men, of her safety and security and blessedness.

Before she reached the top of the stairs she saw Jamey's discarded pyjamas draped over the bannisters. She took them up in her hands and pressed them suddenly to her face. They smelled fiercely of tar soap and hair lotion and she folded them and put them on his bed. Then she went into her own room and looked at the crumpled bed from which she had leapt in such irritation that morning. The deep impress of Murray's head in the pillow beside her own was a blue shadow laid upon her thoughts.

Then the phone rang shrilly through the house. She ran down the stairs and lifted the receiver.

"Hi, mom—"

"Jamey!—"

'Listen, mom, that buck Dad gave me—I've lost it. We're out near the woods around Elizabethtown — we've been looking all over for it.'

"Do you need it to get home?'

'No—but you said not to—'

'Oh darling, listen. Now listen to me carefully. Have you enough for the bus home?'

"Sure."

"Then come on right home and bring Tim with you—we'll all have supper in the garden. And Jamey—?"

"Yeah—?"

"Oh, nothing—' She was going to call "Hurry, hurry!" But there was no sense to that. She said clearly and as casually as she could: 'I'll call Dad, in a while—'

"Swell!' he said, with a bright, cool nonchalance. But she heard him slowly and very gently hang up the receiver as if in doing so he caught as he did on very rare occasions, be lightly kissing the top of her head.

She sat by the telephone for some time touching the petals of the blue flowers beside her. Then she rose and went into the kitchen and poured the boiling water over leaves of fragrant tea. She took down a blue dish and put out some cookies. Then, placing the tea and cookies on a tray she went out across the quiet, sunlit lawn to the house next door.

Tonight after dinner, before he relaxed for his evening of study she would tell Murray that in a wholly unexpected tragic way, she had been in a change of scene that had given her—not a glimpse of those earlier things she had missed in life—but a full, strong vision of the enduring permanent things she already possessed. ★

The Vonishing Whooper

Continued from page 12

that the 1947 search like its two predecessors, offers little hope for next year. The 25 whoopers left Texas early in April. Previous studies have shown that the big white cranes stop to rest and feed for several days along the broad Platte river valley in Nebraska, probably making the 1,000-mile Texas-to-Nebraska flight nonstop. When it became apparent last spring that the whoopers were pulling out of their Texan refuge Allen boarded a plane provided by the U.S. Fish and Wild Life Service and flew to Nebraska. With temporary headquarters in the city of North Platte, he spent several days cruising a 200 mile stretch of the river by air watching for the cranes and dropping leaflets over farms and towns asking the residents to protect the birds and notify him if any were seen. Of the 24 cranes which left Texas, Allen saw eight along the Platte river before moving on north for his summer search in Canada.

Proof that at least 23 of the whoopers did reach Canada came a short time later via A. G. Lawrence, Winnipeg bird lover who writes a bird column for the Winnipeg Free Press. In his column of May 30 Lawrence reported that Mr. and Mrs. James Lawrence (no relation) of Browning, Sask., saw 23 of the whoopers late in April while motoring near Estevan in the southeast corner of the province.

"The birds passed over the road flying in a northwesterly direction about 600 feet high," James Lawrence, an amateur naturalist, reported. "We stopped the car and got out to have a good look at them. They were pure shiny white with very noticeable wide black tips to their wings and flew with their necks outstretched. After crossing the road they started a spiral circling in the sun, gradually working higher until they were barely visible as silver specks in the sky."

Ornithologists studied Lawrence's report and are convinced by his description that the birds he saw were really the rare whoopers. It was the first time whoopers had been seen in Canada since the fall of 1943, the fifth Canadian record of the big birds since 1936.

Man Is Their Enemy

All of these records are for southern sections of the prairies far from the wilderness areas of the north where the big birds probably nest. But the 1947 record of 23 whoopers near Estevan

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sent Bob Allen on his next quest into the north country with hopes that this time the quest would surely succeed. Operating out of Fort McMurray, Alta., with an amphibian aircraft, Allen and his pilot combed thousands of miles of marsh and muskeg between Meadow Lake, Sask., and Fort Simpson, west of Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories. Flying sometimes 11 hours a day over unmapped lands far off the regular air routes he spent more than two months on his search and found not a clue to the whooping cranes nesting secret.

Mother Nature, who can be ruthless and the whooping crane was certainly not looking forward to the day when the great bird-husband would be usurped by gun-toting parties of frontiersmen. When primitive North America provided them with thousands of miles of elbow room the whooper and buffalo were the birds of the prairies, but when the white man arrived first the buffalo and then the whoopers gave way before the fusillades of his lethal rifle poured from thousands of flintlocks. The whooping crane by nature had too many strikes against him to survive side by side with man. Even if they are restored now before extinction claims them only a minute percentage of the original whooper population could live on the prairies of today for the birds need big solitudes.

At one time the species was remarkably throughout practically all of the continent, although it is believed to have always chosen the prairies for nesting.

But the whoopers were saddled with the double curse of size and beauty. When they stood on a prairie knoll on a sunny day the huge white birds were visible for two miles, beaming accusingly against the sky that they were sometimes mistaken by hunters for horses or cattle. Thousands upon thousands of hides were ripped from the fat that when walking they removed two feet with every stride left a fat track on the mud set to several inches across. According to early hunters they could walk faster than a man.

A Bull In Trumpet

And as if this wasn't disadvantage enough the whooper's bugle-like trumpeting voice that carried three miles or more still day could be never learned to keep his mouth shut.

This voice, so vital to a species living in permanent marsh, is a strong trumpet like bull and wraith. It goes any that no other bird in the world has a voice that can match it. And little wonder for the whooper has windpipe five feet long—as long in fact as the bird itself—and more than half of this length is coiled back and forth in the fat breastbone.

The whooper was thus a conspicuous target but these disadvantages were partly offset by his wary and timid nature. Blessed with an eyesight far keener than that of most birds the cranes would take wing and escape usually before a man could approach closer than a half a mile. Usually that is but not always. For early spring when the cranes fall in love they put all their energy into love making and forget the wariness which guided them so well during most of the year.

The whooping crane was American first to bring. His mating dance was, and still is, for the ornithologists enough to set a man off raving in excitement. It began usually with two or three pairs of cranes meeting on a prairie knoll. After a few minutes of bugling the fifth wing sweeps would begin. The birds would soar off then approach each other and their breasts in almost touching, bills and long necks outstretched and pointed straight up into the air. Like participants in a real square dance they would then resort a few steps and pump their heads and necks up and down, their bills almost touching the ground between their feet at every down sweep. During this performance their wings would be drooping limply while the big white plumes of their backs were held stiff and upright. This would go on for several minutes interspersed with plaintive raucous bugling.

Then dance routine No. 2 would commence. The females would step back and the males would take the floor, prancing about in circles, lifting their feet goose step style high into the air and nodding their necks and heads as they had before. Occasionally one of the males overflowing with spring time energy would crouch and hop several feet into the air with his wings flapping. As a climax the females would join in and all would keep frantically four or five minutes in quick succession. Then the dance would abruptly end to be followed by a few minutes of feather preening before the party broke up and everyone went home.

They Cling To One Mate

Probably this dance madness more than anything else led to the whoopers downfall. Their flesh, though edible was seldom regarded as delicious, but the huge, white birds were alluring target for hundreds of pioneer gunners who wanted nothing more than a trophy to show off before their friends. And gunners soon learned that the whooping cranes so wary throughout most of the year were gullibility in spring when mating. Their love-dance bugling were a signal that attracted every hunter within hearing.

But heavy during was the whooping crane's only weakness. The final blow fell when hunters which contributed to his disappearance and which made restoration of the species many difficult today. And because of the love it was the whooper was one of America's few birds which holds to a strong monogamous mating. Once a pair had teamed up and reared their first family they remain attached to each other during summer and winter for life. What nine deer killed the surviving mate will never mate again, at least and for several years will remain unlikely though. His curiosity will linger as it has led and will by his death. A wounded sponse giving the gunner plenty of time to load and knock him off with a second shot.

Parental affection is also highly developed. The whoopers usually raise one youngster, even sometimes two and they care for their family solicitously almost until it is time to start the next year's nesting.

During large birds by nature slowly and do not commence breeding until they are several years old. These nests are huge, sometimes five feet across and built in shallow marshes where they are easily robbed by coyotes weasels and other vermin. To protect them to allow for casualty only two eggs are laid. It takes from 30 to 35 days for the eggs to hatch. The young leave the nest on the backs of their parents, sitting on the nest on most birds do, she stretches out with feet and legs trailing behind and her body, neck hanging over the rim of the nest.

Adult birds are flightless for five weeks or so each summer during the post-nuptial moult and the young cannot fly until they are several months old during these grounded periods the cranes are easy prey to coyotes, dogs and wolves.

In addition to these weaknesses the whooper has two hard of the wilderness and today, after 200 years of ruthless shoulders with man they still need vast wilderness in which to nest.

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As the farmer and rancher strung their fences and draining ditches across the prairies the whooping crane retreated northward deeper and deeper into the wild lands that remained. Here the toe lingered in marshes and lakes until June, and the whoopers nesting got off to a late start. Young cranes that required several months to develop were frequently abandoned when ice and snow reappeared in the fall before the fledglings were mature enough to fly southward with their parents.

By the 30's the whooper was already a rare bird. Up until the early 20's a few migrated each year across Canada's southern prairies. Then there numbers dwindled still lower. F. C. Ward, a Winnipeg naturalist who saw the whoopers in Manitoba in the spring of 1943, says that he saw small numbers of them each year up until 1924. "Since 1924," he adds, "I have seen them but twice, three in 1934 and the nine in 1943."

When Canada and the U. S. passed the Migratory Bird Treaty Act in 1918 the whooping crane was given protection throughout the whole continent. But the whooper by then was too rare to benefit. Ornithologists felt there was no hope of saving them from extinction and every time a whooper was seen the bird experts would ask themselves, "Is this the last time? Will any of them ever be seen again?"

Count 61 the Baldheads

Then, in the mid 30's, it was discovered that a small flock of whoopers was spending every winter in an isolated area of marshes and bays near [illegible], Texas. [illegible] to give the cranes at least some protection, and in 1937 the U. S. Government purchased 47,261 acres, posted guards around it and established the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge. The next discovery was even more encouraging. Pa and Ma Whooper have bare, red-skinned head and face, while the youngsters don't get bald until they are two or three years old, so scientists studying the birds at Aransas went looking for whoopers with feathers on their dome. And they found them. Every fall when the cranes returned there were usually two or three juveniles with them. This meant that the whoopers were still having at least some nesting success. Where were the nests? If this question could be answered there was hope that the whooper might be saved.

Because of the war the nest search didn't get under way until 1945. That year the National Audubon Society in New York and the U. S. Government's Fish and Wildlife Service made the nest hunt their objective No. 1. Many Western Canadian naturalists and Canada's Department of Mines and Resources joined in the project.

C. L. Broley, retired Winnipeg bank manager known as "the Eagle Man" because of his work in leg banding these birds, prepared and mailed thousands of circulars bearing photographs and descriptions of the whooping crane and arranged for publicity stories which appeared in many newspapers. In a short time Broley had an army of several thousand northland dwellers watching for the whooping crane.

While Broley did the desk work Curator Fred G. Bard of the provincial museum in Regina took charge of investigations afield. Many persons reached by Broley's publicity reported back that they had seen the big cranes he sought. In every case the alleged whoopers turned out to be sandhill cranes, a smaller and much commoner species.

The Helicopter Chase

Undaunted, Broley and Bard resumed their search in 1946 and this time two prominent U. S. biologists were working with them. The Americans were Dr. C. S. Pettingill, professor of zoology at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., and Terrell Moore, president of the Boston Museum of Natural History. Moore donated the use of his small private plane and piloted it himself while Pettingill rode as observer. Close to 100,000 square miles of northern Saskatchewan and Alberta were covered that year but again the whooper score was zero.

Dr. Pettingill, who had been in charge of field research during 1946, was prevented by other work from carrying on into 1947. "The man we need is Bob Allen," said John H. Baker, Audubon Society president, and Baker's fellows in arms agreed.

Allen, [illegible], [illegible] for a similar study project he carried out into the life history and nesting needs of the Gulf States' disappearing roseate spoonbill, accepted the job. This winter he is back on the Aransas Refuge in Texas planning a summer search for 1948 that will dwarf his unsuccessful 1947 effort. Two skywriting planes or helicopters may be used this time and, when the cranes leave Texas, one of the aircraft will follow them in an attempt to keep them always in sight.

More than anything else, Allen says, the shadowing effort will depend on luck. If the whoopers fly into a fog bank somewhere en route or take off on a dark night when there is not enough moonlight to keep them in sight, the whoopers will win again and much more hidden breeding grounds unseen.

If they do it may be the whooping cranes' last flight for 29 is a feeble remnant to hold out unaided against the many perils which beset their skyway trail. One man with a gun, one late spring blizzard or one pack of wolves could wipe out the last of the whoopee clan in a single day. Then America's birdland Casanova would dance no more. ★

Halfway Mark

Continued from page 14

danced with excitement when the news came of Roosevelt's death and shouted in chorus with Goebbels that this was the end. They were wrong but it shows the value that the enemy put on Roosevelt.

Today we feel a kindly humanitarian warmth from President Truman and, it seems to us, he grows in stature as the months progress. . . But just as Attlee lacks the spirit and language of a Churchill so we cannot expect Mr. Truman to become another Lincoln, Woodrow Wilson or Roosevelt. For the time being the era of the giants has passed.

Again I realize that many American readers of Maclean's—and I receive a large correspondence from them—will wonder why I exclude Woodrow Wilson. In his case I can only recall my own feelings as a soldier in the First World War when Wilson's idealism made all the blasphemy and vileness of the conflict seem worth while—for the dream that was to follow. But just as nature abhors the unusual so mediocrity will always stake down the great man when opportunity comes, and Wilson was no exception.

The one nation today which is

Continued on page 46



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Continued from page 44

making progress in Russia. The Bolsheviks in their revolution set out to find what they called the superstitious worship of God and to substitute for it the worship of the State. In effect they destroyed the cathedral and built the factory. It is not accepted in their philosophy that man was created in the image of God or that the body is holy because it is the temple of the spirit. Their only religion is material-ism, and not even the Jesuits of the Spanish Inquisition were more ruthless toward nonbelievers than the men of the Kremlin.

But it must not be thought that this conception was born in the November revolution of 1917. Louis XIV with his haunt "*L'état c'est moi*" was thus hanging the position of the King of Kings. The French mob in the revolution killed priests because they represented an authority higher than the people. Bismarck forged the alliance Germany of Hitler by declaring that there was no law except might.

The war against Christ never stops. His life and His death have been a challenge to every despot and to every tyranny. That is why Nazism, Fascism, Communism and every sorry forms of Socialism and Capitalism proclaim the gospel of materialism as the highest expression of man's destiny. Their purpose is to lower the dignity and the divinity of man. The war against Germany is over but the war against Christ goes on.

Moscow Laughs

Why is Russia making progress? In what way is she doing it?

Because she is binding the satellite countries to her with a ruthless disregard for human liberty and humanity justice rewarding the sycophant while imprisoning and executing those who stand in her way. Nor is Russia foolish enough to think that trusting to all is enough. She is building up the economic life of the nations which are shamed to her.

No wonder Moscow laughs at the spectacle of the Western Powers, the great free democracies, bargaining and haggling over the problems of mutual aid and mutual trade. Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and Rumania are being drawn into a customs union with Russia where goods and commodities will have an uninterrupted flow.

But what of the plan for a United States of Western Europe? Politicians have been talking of that for 60 years and are still talking of it. Churchill forms a society to try and bring it about, but the British Government adopts its Socialist supporters to have nothing to do with it.

What of the unsigned partnership of the English-speaking peoples, the nations of the British Empire and the U. S. A.? Whether we want it or not the leadership of the world must remain either from the East or the West. If from the first, then we must accept the swift approach of a Communist, godless materialistic era which will last for many decades. If from the second, then we still hope that the 20th century will retrieve the bleak record of its first 50 years.

It cannot be accomplished by idealism alone, but it cannot be accomplished without it. Common sense and common decency alike demand that we recognize the truth of those words. And this situation is not simple for she is a nation which cannot balance her trade exports with imports. Therefore she must be the wise banker who by loans and credits permits other countries to develop their resources and trade, thus raising their standard of living so that they can prosper and absorb American imports without becoming slaves to the American dollar.

The impulse behind the American loan to Britain was generous but the terms were harsh. Why should the component states of America trade freely with each other behind a tariff, and the same privilege be denied the component states of the British Commonwealth? Yet under the terms of the loan Britain was committed to a scaling down and eventual elimination of preferences which would have meant the economic disintegration of the Empire. Fortunately the Dominions held firm at Geneva and the swiftly developing crisis in Britain made it possible for her to plead necessity and join with the Dominions. The same thing happened to the unfair clause which ruled that from August 15 sterling balances held by foreign countries could be converted into dollars.

Britain never should have accepted the loan under these conditions but America should not have dictated such terms. The one bright spot in the dark picture of England's plight is that the crisis destroyed the threat to the Empire and has cancelled the clauses which never should have been made.

In ordinary life there is a growing feeling that poverty should not exist. In the presence of wealth. Since the destruction of wealth is meaningless and profitless the only alternative is the destruction of poverty. That should be the aim of every nation within its own frontiers. But if it is true of communities it is just as true of nations. Lincoln inflamed the soul of his country with the cry, We cannot live half slave and half free. If Western civilization is to survive we must believe that it cannot do so with half of it rich and half of it bankrupt.

There is one country in the world which has set an example to all others —and that country is Canada. As a Canadian I write these words proudly as a citizen of Great Britain I write them with gratitude. Canada's practical and spiritual generosity toward Britain has warmed us like the sun even in the midst of our Arctic crisis last winter. All my political life I have opposed Mr. Mackenzie King but I believe that his Government has given expression in the goodness of the Canadian people. In the war and in the harsh peace that followed Canada has been a source of strength and kindness and inspiration to the British people.

I know that at the present time Britain does not present an encouraging picture to the outside world. We are going through something like a revolution that had to be. Despite her essential democracy, a nation which maintained a system of hereditary upper class and hereditary lower class had some day to face an accounting. In all revolutions there are excesses at the beginning and the Socialists have made many mistakes in their attempt to give authority to organized labor and to suppress the leadership of the individual. It is true that Montgomery could not have won El Alamein without the British soldier but it is no less true that a million soldiers could not have won without a Montgomery.

That is the adjustment which Britain has to make, and she will go through much travail before the inevitable compromise is reached. But this blameless revolution had to be and the results will be of value to the whole world. I urge you, however, to believe that this is still the same Britain which laughed when the Germans reached the Channel ports, and another winced not once alone when death and devastation rained on her from the skies.

We have two years and a half before the half century is reached. The United Nations organization has been rendered impotent by the isolationism of the U. S. S. R. just as the League of Nations was rendered impotent by the isolationism of the U. S. A. Our one hope is to organize Western civilization into a coherent prosperous and Christian Federation. When the West is made impregnable *then*, and not until then, will the threat of world Communism recede and the healing channels of trade flow freely between the East and the West.

I do not believe that we have more than two years to make a substantial beginning. After that the moving finger of history will write and it is not impossible that the chapter will begin.

The year 1950 saw the inauguration of the real conquest of the world by Communism a hundred years from the time that Karl Marx wrote, "*Das Kapital*." ★



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Whiz

L-47

Hollingshead

LEADER IN AUTOMOTIVE CHEMICALS AND LUBRICANTS

Lost Avenue

Continued from page 11

standard reproduction of an oil painting, the kind you can buy in dime stores anywhere. It showed a block or so of shuttered houses at dusk, a small town street. The houses, their white clapboard some faded red brick, diminished with distance and ended with a river.

More by suggestion than actual line, the artist had caught a whole small world of evening life. Yellow dots indicated the lights just turned on in front room kitchen windows. A man in shirt sleeves puffed a pipe on one of the porches. Two more men talked over a white barred gate. A boy wheeled along on a bike, arm raised in the backhand swing with which he'd just thrown a morning paper.

The tone of the picture was dark, with sky and background a dusky lavender-brown save for the upper sky. Here beyond the street end and probably across the river, the top of a tower soared into upper sunlight. The tower reared, black strength rein forced by bold recess against the sky.

"Nice," said June. "But I don't think there's any street like that in *this* town. I wish there were." She sighed and handed the picture back. "Maybe there's no wonderful peaceful street like that anywhere except in the artist's imagination."

"I can look," said Pete stubbornly.

"Yes, you can look." June stared across the river. "Who sent you the tiny and the letter you mentioned?"

"A girl. Sister of an old friend of mine." A muscle jumped in Pete's thin cheek. "We had — plans — but it began to look as if she'd have to wait for quite a while, and another fellow came along."

June got up quickly and brushed grass bits from her coat. "It's getting on to lunchtime. Why not come home with me and have a bite and then you can get back to your searching?"

"Don't you have to go to the luncheon?"

"I'm only there mornings. At eleven the regular girl comes for the rest of the day."

The Allisons lived four blocks away, a block from the river. Pete peered down streets as they passed intersections, but he was tired and not sure he would recognize his street if he saw it. He went with her into the house, a good-sized one of red brick faded to a rich raspberry tint. In a cool, dim dining room she gave him a pitcher of buttermilk and a plate with home-made bread piled on it, and a slab of butter.

AS THEY ate he enlarged on his contracting plans and he talked vigorously and his eyes lit up. June said: "You want to do this all right. You needn't be afraid about that."

She told him a little about herself, too. She had wanted to be a decorator since she was twelve. She'd studied and worked and had thought of going to the city, but then her mother had died and she didn't think she ought to leave her father here all alone. So she was stuck in Hampton.

"I'm just one of the millions who have ideas without having quite the push to do something about them," she said, lips straight again for a moment.

Pete laughed. "We ought to open an office together. I put up the houses, you finish 'em off." Then he yawned.

"There was a couch along one wall. June said: 'Why don't you have a nap?'"

When Pete woke it was three o'clock. June had her coat on. "Let's go," she said. "But if you find a street as nice as your Lost Avenue in Hampton, I'll... I'll eat it."

They went back to where Pete had left off, and block by block, looked carefully up and down each street. Pete explained that he couldn't be sure of any street till he saw it in the same last light in which the artist had painted it; he could only mark down any that looked promising with or without a tower, and return later. And he told how he had started his search. He'd phoned the store that had sold the print arrangement, and they'd told him the name of the jobber who had supplied the frame.

"I had plenty of time," he said. "Finally I got the name of the artist, a fellow in New York. The artist had been dead for some time—he'd painted the picture years ago. All his wife could remember was that the street was in some little town along this river. She couldn't say how much of the picture was real and how much her husband had dreamed up, but she said that he had usually painted things as he saw them."

They stopped three blocks past the centre of town and looked toward the river. June had the picture. Pete with every detail burned into his mind from months of staring, didn't need it.

"There's a white house like this one in the picture," she said. "And next to it is another, and then a brick. The placing is right. But on the other side of the street is the church which isn't in the picture. And there's no tower at the end."

She sighed impatiently. "Lost Avenue is not in Hampton, Pete. That's all. Maybe in the next town. But not here. And what will you do if you never find it?"

"Set up shop wherever business looks promising. I'm not going to crawl off and walk if I can't locate my street. I'd just like to if I could."

"Well, you'll have to finish here alone. It's nearly five, and by then dad's game leg is pretty tired and his partner takes over and he comes home. Dinner's at six. Pete, don't be late."

Pete looked at her, and thought that here was probably the nicest and most generous person he had met. Too generous, considering that he was a total stranger.

"Now, June, I've put you out enough already—"

"Don't be silly. Pete. Six o'clock."

Pete finished in the next hour, working along the east avenue to the last street in town, which was a block past the Allisons. He walked back wearily. Lost Avenue was not in Hampton. He climbed the porch steps. Mr. Allisons was in a rocker, short-stemmed pipe clamped between his teeth.

"Hello, Harley." He waved the pipe hospitably. "Find whatever it is you're lookin' for?"

Pete thought of the one street vaguely like that in the picture—except the picture showed no tower and no church, and the street a church but no tower. "I don't think so."

"If it's good it's worth hunting for."

June's clear voice came from inside the house, and Allisons got up and tapped out his pipe. "Steak for dinner. I hope you've got an appetite."

When the meal was over it was seven o'clock, although it was still light.

Mr. Allisons said: "I think Pete had better put up with us tonight, don't you, June? Unless he thinks the hotel would treat him better." Pete looked at June and she nodded, and he was almost unstrung by this further kindness. He guessed she'd mentioned Army hospitals to her father and he was being sentimental about it, but still it was fine of them to do this.

"Where're your bags?" asked Allisons.

"One bag," Pete replied. "Checked at the station."

"June will drive you down—"

"Oh, no! Please." This on top of all the rest he could not take. Besides he was rested again and the bag was light.

Pete retrieved the bag and started back. It was cool, just right for walking. Pete hiked Hampton it felt right. And when he got to the street with the church on it and peered down it and knew once more and with finality that it was not the street, he was only mildly disappointed. His had been a fool dream anyway, born in his mind when none of his thinking was quite normal. It had served its purpose as a mental crutch. What more could he ask?

He reached the Allisons' street with the sun just beneath the horizon's rim, and with the distance darkening to a lavender-brown, pierced here and there by the orange oblongs of lighted windows. He went the few steps to the Allisons' house with his eyes widening, and with his old trembling at his knees. Then he stopped and his bag fell to the walk.

Ahead, beyond the street and across the river, was his tower. Solid and sure it soared there, base hidden in the dusk. Solid and black and sure, but with a delicate tracery of lying buttresses against the darkening sky. There it was. You couldn't possibly mistake it.

Pete passed his hand across his forehead and stared at the tower and at the lighted windows.

"June!" Pete called. "*June!*"

The Allisons' door burst open. June came down the steps and across the lawn to him. "Pete—what is it? What on earth is the matter?"

"June! My street. Lost Avenue. There's the tower. Look down there!"

June looked. She drew the picture from the pocket of his shirt, examined it, looked at the street again. And then she caught her lip between her teeth and stared almost in pain at what was in his face. This was so important to him. It filled her to have to say it, yet she must paint out what his eyes would surely see in a different light—had seen in fact, unheeding and forgotten. "The tower — his precious tower."

"It's only a big tank, Pete. A gas tank deep across the river."

"Of course." But as the tower in my picture. See the steel framework—the buttresses." He laughed, a shaky sort of shout, and for a moment put his arm around her shoulders quite unknowingly. And then his laughter grew more quiet and was directed principally at himself. "I'm not crazy. Though I may sound like it. It's just that this grew to mean so much to me—finding it came to mean so much. And now I have it—Lost Avenue."

June bit her lip. The placing of the houses on her street was quite unlike that in the picture. There was no white barred gate across which two men might lean and talk.

"The artist shuffled things around a little." Pete said. "His wife told me he might have. But this was!"

June stood there with his arm light on her shoulders. But maybe the perfect place was anywhere you thought it was. It seemed to be for Pete at least. And looking along the shaded street, now almost in darkness, she had to admit that it did seem very beautiful, not at all like the street on which she lived her life and which she had never really seen until now. ★

How They Steal Cars

Continued from page 24

cars in Canada than in 1945, yet only 7,494 automobile thefts were reported in the same 188 localities compared to the 1945 total of 16,806. The increase was particularly noticeable in some cities. In Winnipeg, for instance, auto thefts reached a peak of 1,200 a year instead of the 350 or so average before the war. In 1946 it had dropped back to 364.

Since the end of the war there has been a general decline in auto thefts. This is partly due to the number of new cars now on the market and also because hundreds of young, eager recruits have been added to police forces across the country.

Halifax Safest City

In spite of the decline, private cars are still being stolen in Canada at the rate of one every 40 minutes. What are the risks of your car being stolen? What are your chances of buying a stolen car?

The answer to the first question depends on where you live. About 80% of all cars in Canada are insured against theft and, according to the latest figures prepared by the statistical department of the Canadian Underwriters' Association, the safest place to own your car is in a rural district where you will run about half the risk of having it stolen that you would in the nearest city. If you must live in a city, make it Halifax where insurance companies pay theft claims on only 1.9% of the cars insured. The worst place is Vancouver which blushingly admits that 6.9% of insurance policy holders claim for theft damage on their cars.

Toronto, with an even 4% of theft claims, is in better standing than Montreal, which has a claim frequency of 5.6%. Winnipeg is pushing Vancouver for low honors by having thirty claims on 6.3% of their insured cars.

As to your chances of buying a stolen car, you can answer that for yourself by deciding how gullible you are. If you are willing to hand cash to a stranger for a car without checking on ownership, you can be considered a sucker no matter where you live.

About 95% of all cars stolen in Canada are taken by joy riders, usually young bloods out to pick up a couple of girls or impress the local gang by showing off a flashy car. These cars are usually abandoned in a few hours and the hunt is good time in any car boys are seldom caught.

Another 3% to 4% of stolen cars is recovered after they have been lifted by the experts hot-car specialists who either sell them or use them in the commission of other crimes.

What happens to the remaining 1% is not known. These are the cars that disappear from our roads each year, never to be heard of again. Police in every city have long lists giving descriptions of the wanted cars but many of them remain on file for years. Occasionally one will be discovered ingeniously disguised and registered had ing a respectable life as the property of a law abiding citizen. Some have probably been dismantled, others are believed still hidden in the woods, some have been destroyed and re-sold to collect the insurance, some have adopted American citizenship and a few are still being driven around Canada by unsuspecting owners.

The man responsible for 5% of stolen automobiles is the professional car thief, a smooth, plausible, apparently respectable citizen—a combination confidence man and automobile mechanic. He can talk a stranger out of a roll of bills in half an hour and drive away any



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[illegible] people make it easy for the [illegible] by leaving their keys in the ignition when they park, but even if [illegible] is locked he will get in it by forcing the ventilating window open with a small jimmy and reaching inside to unlatch the door. He may then connect the ignition switch by using a short piece of wire he carries for the purpose.

If this is too much trouble he can still lift the hood of the car and connect a "booster coil" to the distributor. This handy little gadget, which no self-respecting car thief would be without, can be installed in 10 seconds and will start any car without using the ignition switch. In its simplest form it [illegible] a spark coil from a Model T Ford, to which has been soldered three wires. These are connected to the proper wires under the hood. Then the thief just steps on the starter and drives off.

How to Sell a Hot Car

A steady but little publicized battle is being carried on between the automobile designers and the boys with the delicate touch. The designers turn out "theft proof" cars and the hot car experts drive them away without benefit of keys.

One manufacturer thought he had the answer when he brought out a car which locked by means of a bolt passing through the steering wheel. This had the boys worried, but not for long. They soon found that all they had to do was give the steering wheel a mighty twist and they could snap the bolt like a sausage in a meat grinder.

Getting rid of the car is the professional thieves' biggest problem. First they change the identification markings. Extra equipment like fog lights, fancy horns, etc., is added to disguise its appearance. They throw away the original plates and put on new ones stolen from another car or manufactured from a previous year's issue by restamping the date number and repainting in the current colors. The engine number is ground off and a new one stamped in its place. The body serial number is replaced with one stolen [illegible].

A Winnipeg gang had a variation of this plan. They watched the automobile wrecking companies and bought [illegible] recent model wrecks. This would [illegible] them the legal possession of [illegible] bearing certain serial numbers. [illegible] engine number is the most important. This is stamped on the side of the motor block but the factory and serial [illegible] identification number of the [illegible]. The body serial number is on a small metal tag fastened behind the [illegible] on the edge of one of the [illegible]. The thieves would steal one that [illegible] the same make and model, replace the serial tag with the one from the wreck, file off the engine number and stamp on the one from the wrecked motor. They then possessed a registration certificate apparently covering the [illegible].

This is an old gag to the police and they have developed a method to bring out any number stamped on a piece of metal even if it has been filed off to [illegible] depth. When a number is stamped on a cast iron block the crystalline structure is affected to considerable depth. Etching the filed-off surface with acid will make the changes appear and outline the original numbers stamped on the metal.

But often before police experts [illegible] get their hands on the car somebody has lost some money. A Ford truck was

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stolen from a dealer's lot in Toronto. It was driven to Peterborough where a serial plate was stolen from another Ford truck. The truck was brought back to Toronto and offered to another dealer for $1,300. Being a cautious man, he called the police to find if a Ford truck bearing a certain serial number was reported as stolen. Since the police had no record of this number, he paid the $1,300 and in turn sold it to a Hamilton construction company for $1,100. The Hamilton firm then sold it to a Toronto construction company for $2,900. About this time the police caught up with the stolen truck and a dizzy chain of law suits is now trying to decide who loses the $1,300. So far it's not the thief.

Police Are Smart, Too

Several of the larger cities in Canada maintain separate automobile theft squads made up of detectives specially trained to recognize every make, model and year of car at a glance. They can tell you the difference between an American and a Canadian 1938 Buick. They will recognize a stolen car hidden under a new paint job. They are also able to memorize long lists of license numbers and complete details of cars stolen months before. These detectives know as much about stealing cars as any professional car thief.

One Canadian inventor, who specializes in trying to make life difficult for automobile thieves, has found a quick way to have his ideas tested. He fixes up his car with the latest gadget, drives it to Toronto headquarters and goes upstairs to see Sgt. M. J. Richardson, chief of the automobile theft squad. This lighthearted gentleman sends his boys down to have a look at the car while he talks over the new gadget with the inventor. In three minutes they come back and tell the inventor he will find his car parked on a side street four blocks down the road.

This game has been going on for years but the latest results give the designers a batting average of 1.000.

The most successful hot car gang in Canadian history was organized in Ontario by a man who had been a successful used-car dealer until war shortages threatened to put him out of business. Rather than face this possibility he decided to go after the cars which wouldn't come to him.

He employed a group of young men to steal late-model cars and leave them at a prearranged spot. They were paid $50 for each car. The dealer also employed an operator who went to another town and, using the name of a fictitious automobile dealer, obtained a new car registration certificate covering the stolen car. He then transferred the ownership several times to cover up the trail. Finally, the dealer would contact anyone who advertised for a used car and send a salesman around who represented himself as the owner. The salesman had the false registration certificate, bill of sale, etc., to show the buyer and always demanded a price in cash considerably above ceiling. For this valuable work the salesman received 10% of the total sale.

It is estimated that, in the eight months he was operating, the dealer cleared about $25,000 clear profit.

The end of his profitable business came early this year when he tried to sell a car to another dealer in Quebec at the ceiling price of all things. This gesture naturally aroused that gentleman's suspicions and he notified the police. The hot-car tycoon tried to slip quietly down the road in the meantime but was caught a few miles away, still driving the evidence.



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One reason automobile theft insurance rates vary from province to province is the different methods used to register and transfer cars. In some provinces it is as easy as getting a dog license, while other provinces enforce regulations which make the sale of stolen cars very difficult.

Some provinces examine a car being registered to make sure that all details of make, model, engine and serial numbers are correctly stated on the registration form. But in Quebec, for instance, a car may be registered by mail, the applicant filling in all details as long as the application is accompanied by "a sworn declaration from the owner that the machine is his property."

In Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta license plates are considered to be the property of the motorist and can be put on any car.

More System Needed

Only one province, Nova Scotia, uses an automobile certificate of title similar to a registered property title deed showing the history of the car ownership and records of liens and mortgages against it, but British Columbia uses a registration system that serves the same purpose. Such precautions make the work of the car thieves more difficult. Neither the United States or Canada, however, has yet been able to develop a system that eliminates the transfer of stolen automobiles.

Police believe that a nation-wide standardization of automobile registration procedure would make it possible to establish a central Canadian automobile theft bureau to keep a record of all stolen cars and co-operate with the provinces in tracing, identifying and reporting on every car stolen in Canada. Such a bureau has been established in Quebec by the insurance companies but its activities are limited to that province. At present there is only an informal agreement between provinces to publish lists of stolen cars and to notify each other whenever an out of province car is registered. So far Quebec is the only province which does not supply this information.

Suckers Are Plentiful

The RCMP does to a certain extent act as a clearing house for stolen car information. There is no law, however, to say that stolen cars must be reported to the RCMP and many officials believe that such a procedure should be mandatory.

This would eliminate a lot of the confusion now surrounding the reporting of stolen cars. A Toronto man recently checked with the provincial police before buying a used car. They told him it was okay. After buying it he decided to check with the city police who advised him that he had just bought a stolen car. The city police had the information but the provincial police did not.

Once they obtain possession of a car thieves can find plenty of suckers to pay out the cash. One man financed a trip from Montana to Vancouver in a stolen truck by collecting deposits on it in almost every city and town he visited.

There is only one way you can be sure you are not buying a stolen car: contact the police, who will tell you if the car is wanted and advise you where you can check the registration certificate and find if there is any lien or claim against the car.

If you already own a car, keep it locked, keep your fingers crossed—and keep looking out the window to make sure it is still there! ★

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They Taught Me Treason

Continued from page 21

rubles. Then I asked him about prices. Suddenly how many labor camps there were in all of Russia.

He shrugged. "Five hundred? Two thousand?"

How many workers? He replied as before. "Ten million? Fifteen million?"

Russia's Wandering Boys

During home one night by streetcar from the university to my dormitory I heard a woman scream. The streetcar stopped abruptly as someone shouted that a *bezprizorny* had stolen a purse. I heard a good deal about the *bezprizorny*—the famous wandering waifs of Russia—and when several of the male passengers piled out the rear end of the car and began running down a side street I ran after them. We finally cornered a ragged, dirty, wild-eyed child who scratched, kicked, bit and cursed at us with shrill ferocity. We started looking around for a city militiaman but none was in sight. I told the crowd that there was a militia station near my way home and offered to turn the youngster in on the way.

I tried to talk to him but at first all I got was a torrent of oaths. But as we drew nearer to the station he began to wheedle. Gradually I extracted a little information.

His name was Alosha. He didn't know how old he was. He'd been born in the Caucasus and had come to Moscow with a band of *bezprizorny* during the general spring migration to the north.

"Where are your parents?" I asked him.

"I don't know," he said matter-of-factly. "They took them away."

He told me how he lived—by begging and stealing what ever he needed. The proceeds were shared impartially with other members of his band.

We were just around the corner from the station now and I told the boy he could go. "Oh no!" he said. "I always sleep in the station. So long as nobody makes a complaint against me, they leave me alone."

The militiamen knew him. The place was already filled with others like him. One of the militiamen told me that the *bezprizorny* problem had reached such vast proportions that the authorities no longer even tried to cope with it.

Around the first of May we had a 10-day mid-term recess. We were to spend this time at Sudak, Moscow's clearing house for MOPR (the International Organization for Red Assistance, of which the Canadian Labor Defense League was a part). At the office of MOPR I was shown a list of names to be chosen from. I decided to go to Kryvorizha in the Ukraine. It would be my first chance to see the land where my parents had been born. I asked particularly to be allowed to visit "Commune Chilhorn," an agricultural commune that had been established a few years before by a group of anti-tsarist Doukhobor Communists from Lethbridge, Alta.

The Pro-Capitalist Tartar

These Ukrainian-Canadians had sold their belongings in Canada to return to their fellowland, ned shares in the benefits of Soviet communism. On their arrival they had been allotted a large tract of land.

Within six months of its formation, the Canadian Commune had begun to disintegrate. Many of its members who still held Canadian passports returned to Canada; others fled to various countries of Europe. I had heard something of this before I left Canada and a little more in Moscow, but the real story was still a mystery.

I had the privilege of traveling without the usual GPU escort. I spent practically the whole journey talking with an elderly Tartar from the Crimea, a professional potter who, on being released from the first of a highly intelligent man. There was the customary two or three hours of sparring—a necessary preliminary as I discovered many times before to any frank conversation between strangers in Russia—but at last the old man decided he could trust me.

The result was one of the strangest conversations I've ever had. On one side, war I, citizen of capitalist Canada, arguing the praises of Communist Russia; on the other side was his citizen of Communist Russia, singing the praises of capitalist Canada.

"What about capital's exploitation of labor?" I'd ask him.

"Ah, yes," he'd say, and then remind me gently that in the capitalist countries, the owners of an enterprise at least can be no more than human beings. They can't quite be gods. True, he'd admit, the capitalist entrepreneur eats better, dresses better, lives better generally than the average worker. But it was a mistake to say that the organizers and managers create no values? If a country's real wealth is measured by the goods it creates and distributes to the masses, what Russian ever created a tenth as much real wealth as the archcapitalist Henry Ford?

In Russia, the old man went on, the state is the employer of all labor. It is a huge monopoly so complete that the exploiting class, the Communists is entirely free from the labor troubles that are a constant headache to the capitalist exploiting classes. To run its huge monopoly, the Russian Communist state requires a colossal subsidiary, punitive apparatus. So vast is this apparatus that it feeds one unproducer for every five workers and peasants under capitalism, the usual proportion is less than one in 20.

"Think what we spend just to foster revolutionary movements abroad," he invited me. "Did you ever figure out what it costs us to have you here?"

I had no ready answer for that either.

Canadians in Exile

On the second day of May I arrived at the Canadian Commune near Kryvorizha. By guidance and protection, the local branch of the GPU assigned a plain-clothes man to me. The Commune was staffed with the customary full time Communist Party officials which made it impossible for me to have a real talk with the rank and file.

Next morning, however, my GPU guide went fishing and left the secretary of the party and I didn't like fishing and stayed behind to help the Communists make one of their periodic checks of their agricultural implements.

Practically all of the implements were in disrepair. They were all of many makes and it was impossible to interchange their parts. Of six tractors only one was working order. The Commonwealth made it plain to me that ruined machinery was only a insignificant fragment of a much larger and more bitter tragedy—the tragedy of ruined lives. They made their regret at having left Canada pathetically plain. They begged me to warn their friends back in Canada against believing anything they might hear or read about the blessings of state socialism in general and the resurrection of the Ukraine in particular.

When the course at Lenin University ended it was announced that each student might take a month's vacation before returning to his native country. During this month he could go anywhere and see anything he wished—military establishments excepted. The Comintern gave us each 200 rubles extra for travelling expenses and board and lodging en route.

Thanks to the clothing and other personal possessions I'd sold on the black market, I had about 2,000 rubles in cash and was one of the few students able to accept the travel offer. I felt I'd like to see more of the Ukraine, and mapped out a route that started at Dnepropetrovsk, then by boat to Kiev, down the Dnieper to Dneprogetrovsk and finished at Odessa.

Fiasco at Nikopol

Almost everywhere I stopped I purposely neglected to make the usual courtesy call on the local party organization. But at Nikopol, a town in the manganese mine fields, I did drop in on the party—to my subsequent regret.

The party committee received me warmly. I was just the man they were looking for. The output of the local mine was dropping. It would be very helpful if I'd address a meeting of the miners. Naturally it was impossible to refuse.

There were about 1,500 miners at the meeting. I was introduced as a Communist representing Canadian farmers and workers and carrying a message about the rapidly fast depression.

I harangued them earnestly for an hour. I sensed right away that they were a singularly unresponsive audience. Perhaps that was why, when my speech was over, the chairman asked if there were any questions. This was the first meeting I'd addressed in Russia at which the floor was opened for questions.

At once a man near the front asked: "You said there are huge numbers of unemployed in Canada. How do they live, or do they die of starvation?"

"No, they do not die. They subsist on the dole, or government relief."

"What do they get?"

"Each member of the family gets only five dollars a week for groceries, one dollar for meat. In addition, their rent, light and water are supplied by the state."

"What is the price of a pound loaf of bread?" someone asked.

"Five cents."

"How much is white bread?"

"That is the price of the white bread," I replied.

There followed a large number of questions about prices of other staple commodities. I was asked to translate dollars and cents into rubles and kopecks.

Then one worker asked: "How much work has to be rendered to the authorities for all these articles and services?"

"No work at all to most cases. It is free. The unemployed lead a parasitic existence."

An excited shout rose above a swelling mutter of incredulity. "Why do you come here telling us stories about privation and the economic crisis in America? Your workers are living in a paradise. We miners are supposed to be first-class labor, but we do not get half the food that your unemployed get. Do you know what we eat? Cabbage soup! Then more cabbage soup!"

There was a general uproar. Angry accusations were thrown back and forth between the floor and the platform as the chairman tried vainly to bring back order. Finally he had to submerge the hubbub in the singing of the Internationale.

I did a lot of thinking on the first leg of my journey back to Moscow. Suppose my name didn't happen to be John Hindus. Suppose I were Ivan Ivanovich, a worker on a Russian collective farm or in a Russian factory. What would be my lot? How happy would I be? I made a mental inventory. I would be assigned to a job according to the Five Year Plan. I couldn't quit this job without permission. I couldn't take a holiday unless and until the plan called for it. I couldn't travel where I pleased, because travel that didn't serve the plan was considered wasteful. I couldn't travel abroad at all. I couldn't obtain information from abroad because I might upset my thinking habits. In return for the sacrifice of my personal freedom I would receive the barest minimum of creature comforts.

For the first time since I'd begun seriously thinking of joining the party, I heard myself making the conscious answer-to-a-question that hung in Crawford's attorney's.

All right, what now? One thing I knew for sure: I could never again travel the whole way with the party line as Moscow laid it down. Whatever Moscow said, the real *truth* justify the means. But was that to say necessarily, that I must renounce the end? I still believed that the goal of a classless socialist society was worth striving for. Couldn't I, in my humble way, help to restore to the fight the fundamental decency and honor and respect for human rights which I still felt lay behind its original impulse? Why couldn't I remain a Communist without remaining a tool of Muscovite imperialism? Why couldn't I believe? The worker without befriending the worker's enemies? I felt there were sincere idealists among my old party comrades back in Canada. Why couldn't we, working together from within the Communist Party, make the party what it claimed to be and ought to be—an honest spokesman for the underdog? It was worth a try anyway. I decided.

Two weeks later I caught the Bezgrov'd Hamburg. In New York I reported to the offices of the United States Communist Party and was received by Earl Browder, its secretary, whom I'd met in Moscow a few months earlier. Browder warned me that I was going to find things better at home than they'd been when I left. Several members of the Central Committee of the Canadian party had been arrested under Section 98 of the Criminal Code, he said, and the Comintern had sent a couple of trouble shooters to take charge of the party's affairs in Canada.

Boring Into the Army

In Toronto I went directly to the offices of the party, then in a building on Bay Street. When I saw two husky men loitering in the doorway I walked right on. I suspected they were detectives and I was right.

Late that morning I rang into a fellow party member, Oscar Ryan, on the street. Ryan got me in touch with Tim Buck. Tim was out on bail and made arrangements to meet me on a boarding house on Richmond Street where he suggested I stay for a week or two.

Tim showed up with a couple of strangers. Although they were identified to me only as visiting comrades, I suspected they were the Comintern trouble shooters Browder had spoken of in New York.

Together we mapped out a plan for my immediate future. With the police making free use of Section 98, it was agreed that the party ought to organize a new underground system of subterranean communications, and I

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was to make a cross-country tour to line up the rough framework. In addition I was to find out all I could about the military units stationed in the cities along my route. If possible I was to establish contacts with army personnel as well. All the military information I gathered was to be forwarded in code to a special address in Toronto. One of the ringers who accompanied Burk had a couple of identical-sized booklets. He gave one to him and kept the other himself. We agreed to use a certain page as the key to our code.

I didn't mind the assignment. It would give me an opportunity to talk to many of my old friends in the party and make a realistic study of the chances of winning any real support for reforms in its methods and objectives.

I stopped at Brothers Fort William and Winnipeg and sent home irregular reports on the militia and permanent Army establishment in each place. The reports were necessary—the sort of thing that could be culled from the files of any newspaper in those relatively peaceful days. The party wanted more. It remarked me that I was to establish personal contacts in the Army if I needed more money for the purpose the party would supply it.

I moved on to Calgary without doing anything more. A new order awaited me there. I was to discontinue my trip and wait for Stewart-Smith. I gathered that Smith was to take over my assignment.

About this time disquieting stories were coming out of Moscow. N. Shrygmah, commissar of education in the Ukraine, committed suicide in protest against the Moscow attack on the Ukraine. M. Irchan and D. Sembay, two prominent Ukrainian Communists who had been my instructors at a Comosomist course in Winnipeg not long before, I went to Moscow had themselves returned to the Ukraine and now the friends they'd left in Canada heard they'd both been liquidated. The news had come to Canada from Strabsya's wife, who had fled to Czechoslovakia.

Back Squoahes A Revolt

These reports came so abruptly and had such a staggering effect on the many Canadian admirers of Irchan and Scrabay—both within the party and within the Ukrainian Labor Farmer Temple Association—that the central committee—hastily contrived—expansion—for once wasn't acceptable. The Central Committee of the LPFTA sensing a serious threat to the party's hold over the ULFTA sent its head, John Navis, to Moscow to make his own investigations. Navis returned with a vague report which satisfied neither the rank and file membership of the leaders of the ULFTA. A general conference of the ULFTA was called and just before the conference began the ULFTA officials met secretly and decided to make a clear break with the Communist Party. Even Navis himself to an unswerving Communist-fellow with this decision.

The whole uprising blew up so abruptly as a bagar. Tim Buck heard about the impending defection brought pressure to bear on Navis and several other officials of the ULFTA and the result was that the party loyalists triumphed and the rebels were expelled.

Although I had been sent back to the Head of the Lakes by the time the uprising took place, I'd been in constant touch with the rebel faction. It was agreed that I should stay in the party and strive to promote further—and we hoped more successful—breaks between the party and the mass organizations under its control.

A general strike of bush workers of the Head of the Lakes was looming. My instructions were not to worry about what settlement the management of the strike—but to concentrate on getting new party members while the strike was in progress.

I ignored these instructions. When the strike was over and I made my report to the district committee of the party I had enrolled not the 700 new recruits the central committee had set for my objective but a corporal's guard of eight. I suppose I was already under suspicion for my lackadaisical work in military espionage and for my association with the rebels of the ULFTA. At any rate the party gave me an indefinite leave of absence.

That was the last collapse in my retreat from Communism. It was stupid. I realized at last to think that compromise was possible. To fight the hypocrisy, the double-dealing, the blind subservience to Russia, the contempt for the individual, the cynical scorn of government by the majority which I had seen before, merely as unfortunate but reconcilable defects in the party, I now realized that you had to fight the party itself. The party rules were not chance flaws that could be corrected. Its evils were its very root and dynamic.

That day I resigned from the Communist Party of Canada. ★







Battle for Coal

Continued from page 9

only nine million tons were exported and that chiefly as ballast. The minimum target for this year the minimum required to keep factories from closing down in essential export industries was set at 200 million tons. And that target won't quite be reached.

All right—why the devil don't the British get in there and get the coal? That question which I've heard even under the dignified roof of the American Embassy on Grosvenor Square.

A glib answer repeated more and more both here and across the Atlantic as the cause of all Britain's trouble is that the British people aren't working hard any more.

During a lengthy study this year I questioned literally hundreds of owners, managers, shop stewards and workmen in mines and factories all over England and I received almost every one of my answers to the question: "Are the British working hard?" At one extreme were those who said the people wouldn't work at all and that the country was plainly finished. At the other were those who said the British people had never worked as well as now. There's a somewhat different story in almost every mine and factory, deeper digging, in working conditions is decidedly in Britain's mines many other factors.

The British people are not working as hard as they might and as hard as they should, not as hard as in their magnificent sport when France had fallen and Hitler was at the gates. Who is? But the allegation that they aren't working at all can be disposed of by a glance at the findings of the Oxford University Institute of Statistics. British productivity last year was higher than in 1938 which should be so because more people are working. But the Oxford Bulletin decides that productivity per man hour is also somewhat higher than prewar. Britain will have to work harder, yes, but the cause of her present distress is that she lavished all her accumulated wealth on two world wars. In much higher proportion than any other country, not excepting Germany and Russia. She is starting from scratch with nothing but her skills, her natural resources and her will to greatness.

The Haulage Headache

Coal is the key to her recovery. Why can't she get it?

The collapse of the United States produce three, four, even five times as much coal per man shift as those of Britain. That is the fact often pointed out in the black market restaurants of Mayfair over meals of *filet mignon* and salmon cooked in wine. But that's a fact which means nothing unless correlated with all the other facts of a situation which has been a century in the making. The basic fact among all the complicating ones can be quickly stated. There are now 718,000 men employed in British coal mines. But only 288,000 of them are digging or cutting coal. Almost all the rest are engaged in haulage—that is, in getting the product from the coal face to the surface. All the trundle-drams from there from the fact that most British mines are hopelessly outdated and inefficient in moving coal.

Eighty per cent of British coal is cut by machine and 10% by pneumatic drilling. Only 10% is dug ant by pick and shovel. But less than 2% is mechanically loaded and removed. The rest is hauled from the face by awesomely ancient and cumbersome contraptions.

In the rich coal fields of Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, the mines second to none in mechanization and productivity. In a mine of the Mount group at Ashby-de-la-Zouch there is a seam six feet high and miles long where production is some 25 tons per man shift. A mechanical cutter working against the seam turn and coal like lightning and it is immediately piled onto a conveyor by the great mechanical claws of a dockside loader.

The average output of coal per man shift in the United States is about five tons. In Britain it's just over one ton. But the American miner doesn't work harder than the British. In the United States coal is easier to get at and easier to get out. The average depth of coal mines there is 400 feet. In Britain it's from 1,200 to 1,400 feet. In many British mines the collier is taken half a mile into the earth and then crouches and crawls along for only another half mile or more to the coal face in some cases actually under the sea, where he has to lie down to wield his pick. But the main trouble is haulage.

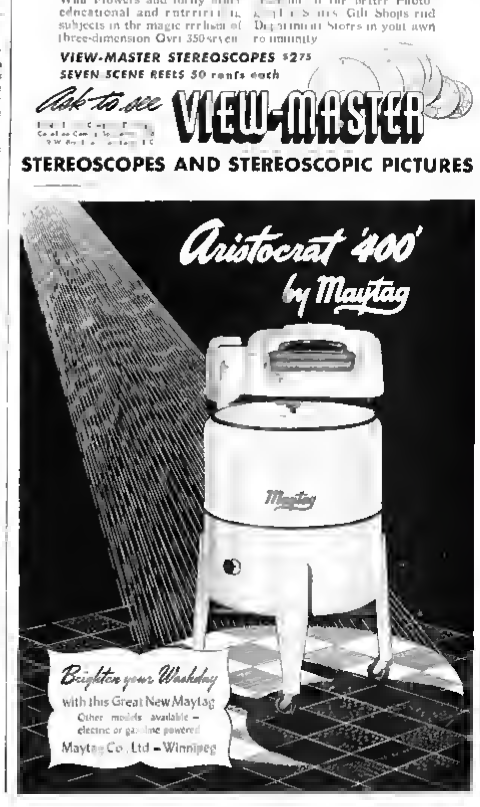
"New" Horizon

Until 1926 British output per man shift was higher than in Holland and Germany where haulage conditions are similar. But between 1926 and 1936 those two countries reorganized and modernized their collieries. In the next 10 years Germany increased 81%, and Dutch output increased 118%. Britain's increased during the same period by only 14%. In Holland there's one haulage worker for every 25 tons of coal produced; in the U.S. one for every 50 tons; in Britain one for every five tons. That's the tragic reflection on the blindness of the past.

At first, naturally, the British dug coal that was easy to get. As the years went on they had to go deeper and deeper and they went haphazardly. They would bore a few test holes to find the richest seam and dig a shaft down to it and then follow the seam

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Continued from page 55

wherever it led with no thought of building galleries and passages big enough and level enough for locomotive haulage.

I have watched the miners at work in various collieries, especially in Wales. Every pound of coal which is brought by hand or cut mechanically is shovelled into what they call tubs—small cars holding only half a ton. In many collieries the tubs are still drawn by ponies—there are still 20,000 ponies in British pits. Each pony hauls two tubs to the first junction where the tubs are drawn into small trains. The trains in turn are moved on by a primitive system of rope haulage. And in some mines there are as many as three subsequent changeovers and three different haulage systems involving three different crews all precious manpower before the coal reaches the bottom of the shaft. In these ancient and dangerous passages there is no room for locomotive haulage and efficient conveyor belts.

Mining Wholesale

The answer to all this is "horizon" mining which revolutionized production in Holland and Germany 20 years ago. Before sinking a shaft you bore enough test holes to learn the exact pattern of the coal seam. After deciding on the level at which you can best extract all the coal within reach you sink a shaft to that depth and then send out wide roads and galleries at various depths and at gradients which will permit use of locomotive haulage.

Some British owners did install horizon mining. One of the largest collieries is at Ponsie in Pembroke. This pit cost £600 between the wars, but the galleries are so well planned that coal is loaded directly and automatically into belt conveyors. These empty the coal into railway trucks for which building there and a hill is also drawn by Diesel locomotives. Fine coal mining, but the rest too little of it. Reorganizing the hard age systems is the biggest costly and muddled job facing the Natural Coal Board. But there are others.

Until coal royalties were nationalized coal belonged to the person who owned the land above it. Mining rights had to be leased from property owners and where properties were small it was often impossible to arrange leases that would allow mines to be planned on a large scale. The result was hundreds of small mines. In 1943 there were 906 small mines producing less than 50,000 tons a year. Many of these small companies couldn't afford to sink money in workings planned for long-term efficiency.

That was one of the principal arguments for nationalization. It would make possible the huge expenditure needed for the fundamental replanning and rebuilding of the whole industry. The miners themselves wanted nationalization 50 years ago. Experts and Royal commissions have proposed it for 25 years. Last year the step was taken. Hundreds of wasteful small mines can now be consolidated into fewer and bigger units. New mines can be opened and old pits still productive, once rebuilt for horizon mining. The National Coal Board plans to spend $800 millions in the first five years and that will be only the beginning of an enormous 25 year task.

More Coal Now — Or Later?

At this point, however, the National Coal Board comes smack up against the most baffling and maddening of all the vicious circles. The long-term plan clashes with the short-term need. To rebuild a mine you have to take it partly or altogether out of production for two years or more—exactly what Britain cannot afford to do when every pound of coal is a gold nugget. To sink a new mine you need manpower—exactly what Britain cannot spare from immediate production at a time when every vital industry including road, iron and steel, textiles and agriculture are tragically undermanned. To produce more coal you must first produce less—exactly what Britain dare not do when already there is not enough coal to power industries on which her life as a great power depends.

Is there no solution? Is it quite impossible to produce enough coal under present conditions to see the nation through the crisis?

The answer is that it is possible. If every miner will work a little harder, if just another few thousand men will go into the industry, and if everything possible is done to make existing pits just a little more efficient, Britain can produce the extra 40 million tons. The short term plan on which the Government Coal Board, mine management, trade union and editorial writers are working desperately, is to achieve those three essentials. And the greatest of these is harder work.

How do you get harder work out of a miner? By incentives. Incentives is the word on every tongue in Britain and it fairly cascades from every editorial pen.

In 1940 the incentives were patriotism and glory and be-damned to Hitler—and a leader who could make words fight. In the dark days of 1947 after a hard eight year grind when people want to work less instead of more incentives must be rewards. There is still patriotism and the mission of Britain as a grand and patriotic mission, but patriotism is not enough. There is still some ideological implication—most miners are Socialists and they are anxious for our Government to succeed—but that's not enough either. Ever Ancurin Bevan has recently admitted that most of us cannot indefinitely sustain an ideological effort without rewards.

Green Are Their Valleys

Well, the miners have been given various rewards. They now get a basic wage of $20 a week. Far too low but nearly twice as high as before the war. They get extra rations and nursing priorities. Where in the ghastly days of unemployment they were unwanted men regarding themselves as social outcasts sitting around broken in their grim dead valleys of flag lungs and heartbreak they are now the nation's elite troops. And there is altogether a different spirit in the pits.

That is best phrase to survey I have seen it. The change in Rhondda Valley, for example, between my last visit before the war and one I made this year was almost inspiring. That 14 mile valley from Pontypridd to Treherbert was one of the ugliest places on earth. It was one long slum of mean houses and nine hungry and cold shafts. Nobody wanted coal and nobody wanted miners. I met young men who had been born raised and married on the dole and had never had a job. I met people who had never eaten an egg or an orange. Today the valley is still ugly—but it is alive. Hope and work have come back.

I read in a Cardiff paper the story of David Evans, aged 72, who has worked underground 62 years. "I want to retire," he said, "but I'm good for yeam yet and I shall carry on until the crash is over." I could recount 50 similar stories.

One of the incentives to harder work is the five-day week. When it was inaugurated early this year it was



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believed it would actually increase output by discouraging absenteeism. But its success has been only partial. Many rumors have decided it isn't worth while working a full week or overtime because of the heavy income tax. Many others tired after years of special effort and with money in their pockets for once do what most other people do when they're tired and have money: take a day or two off and enjoy themselves.

Put Spivs to Work

And the miners are hopping mad at the abuse they get for occasional absenteeism. One elderly Welshman exploded to me, "Why should we be abused by a lot of editorial writers and press lords in London, who'd probably faint if they had to go down in a pit."

When a miner does take a day off to go to the races he sees there thousands of well-dressed people with money to burn and apparently none of that "responsibility to national interest" which he hears so much about. The spivs of Soho and the drones and butterflies of Mayfair go to Ascot or Wimbledon or to the Scottish moors for grouse shooting or Bermuda and the miner can hardly be blamed for gasping when he hears himself called a saboteur for taking a day off.

A far more important factor in production is the relation between workers and management, and a very significant thing is that the nationalization of industry hasn't got rid of the high salaried officials of N.C.B. days. Worse still, to the unthinking miner, some of these officials are former mine owners. The men may have good reason for disliking them as mine owners but the N.C.B. took them on for the good reason that a former mine owner probably knows coal mining.

A recent strike at Grimethorpe, Yorkshire caused outrageously because the men were asked to increase their stint was purely the result of inspired relations.

Until lately there were some colonies among outputs in that strike. When would have thought a year or two ago the day would come when the miners most popular leaders, Will Lawther, Arthur Horner and Emanuael Shinwell would be shaking their fists threatening men with prosecution and describing strikes as sabotage? Some miners say bitterly, "The mines have changed ownership, that's all." We thought nationalization would mean development and mechanization. We find it means a drive to speed production at any cost. But most realize the need and understand the situation.

Why Be A Miner?

The first essential, then, for the miner's true plan is harder work. The second is more recruits. During this last year 75,000 men have entered the industry as a result of better pay and other rewards and patriotic appeals. But 50,000 more are urgently needed.

Those 50,000 recruits will never be found while there are so many better jobs at better pay and workers in basic industries will be reluctant to work much harder until they know everybody in the country is working harder.

Listen to a group of Birmingham steelworkers to whom I talked this summer.

"When they say we must all work harder they don't mean themselves—they mean us, the people who produce the real wealth. The miners, the steelworkers and factory hands. Why should you work in a foundry or a coal mine at six quid a week when you can get eight in lots pleasanter jobs? Why should a girl go into a cotton mill at three quid when she can get five in an office? We'll believe the country's in danger when the Government proves it and puts spivs to work."

An M.P. friend of mine told me of visits he made last week one to a coal mine and the other to a motor car factory in his constituency. The latter, built in a shadow factory during the war, is equipped with magnificent canteens and hospital wards. The vast workshops are light and cool. To work here for good wages is an hardship. Scarcely a mile away the mining village is dominated by its slag heap and covered by a pall of smoke. The pit shaft is a waterfall and you're soaked even as you descend in the cage. The narrow coal seam is irregular and the galleries, which go up and down like a scenic railway...are so narrow that the tubs jostle against each other and were betide the man who's caught between them. To reach the coal face you crawl along a narrow passage two feet high, blundering over the hell on which the coal is taken back to the tubs.

How can you get men to volunteer for work in this sort of a coal mine when they can choose a streamlined factory just a mile away?

Too Many Jobs

The third essential for an immediate increase in production is better repair work in the mines. This will seem comparatively trivial against the general canvass but several experts tell it is the most important immediate thing. Even mines suffer from the unusual shortages of spare parts. Another expert has told me that tens of thousands of tons of coal are lost in spillovers as the coal is loaded into conveyors and this coal is never used except for "gob"—for filling the underrunning and empty spaces behind the shaft.

Will Britain win her coal battle? That is the question cabled to me by the editors of Maclean's and I have replied by an attitude describing the difficulties that lie in the way.

I would say yes—she *will* win it. Britain has undertaken under the Marshall Plan to increase her production by 50 million tons in the next four years and after careful thought and interviews with dozens of experts I say she'll reach the target. Recruits are slowly coming forward. Many are working a little harder. Some new pits are being sunk and some old mines reconstructed. Thank him momentum of production will rise from now on very slowly and painfully at first but more rapidly after 1948.

Many British Conservatives—and even the famous Liberal journal, The Economist—are now openly saying that their only solution for Britain's production problems is unemployment: a "pool of unemployment" of about a million men to "restore the mobility of labor." In other words this people won't work hard until threatened with unemployment.

British miners and their fellow workers in other basic industries have only a short time in which to demonstrate whether or not they need to value ★



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From any druggist get 2½ ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a 16 ounce bottle and fill up with granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. The syrup is easily made with 2 cups sugar and 1 cup water. Stir a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey instead of sugar syrup. It's no trouble at all, and makes a really splendid medicine. Keeps perfectly and children love its taste.

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Tempest in a Fishbowl

Continued from page 8

beaf war attached. In a follow-up story the next day Ivar revealed that Oscar had reached his goal after insurmountable odds. When he reached the halfway point, Ivar said, the octopus had been dislodged by a submarine storm and had fallen straight upward for 2,500 feet. The octopus tried again, however, according to Ivar, and this time succeeded in reaching the base of the underwater monstrosity, bringing back as proof a sprig of sea rattlesnake which grows only at great depths.

Ivar was well fitted for the aquarium business when he started on Seattle 10 years ago having just graduated from college with a degree in economics and business administration. What he didn't know about aquariums would fill Puget Sound. But he did know that neither Seattle nor Vancouver had an aquarium and he Ivar was determined to give both cities one. But it wasn't quite that easy.

Ivar started by buying a lot of fish and putting them in tanks, appraising their compatibility by their looks. He proved to be an unfortunate judge of piscatorial character for most of the fish promptly gobbled each other up.

Cruelty to Crabs?

In Vancouver Ivar had special trouble. He decided to build his aquarium in an old bathhouse on English Bay near Stanley Park after reading a report published by members of the Royal Society of Canada by a UBC professor which he says described the welfare of the bay as heavy, the natural temperature and salinity ruinable for the breeding of ocean life. Ivar ran a pipeline 700 feet out into the bay and pumped it full his tanks. The water that poured in was darker than dish chowder and so muddy you couldn't see further into the tank. Ivar phoned the professor and asked him to drop around then confronted him with the murky water and a good many dead fish.

His look at the tank then asked me to wait for him a moment as his wife was outside in the car and a little nervous. Ivar recalls. "He went out and I never saw him again."

Ivar installed the expensive 20,000 gallon storage tank and filter system before even how he lost a good many pets in the meantime. When the west wind blows the water turns brackish and a Fraser River freshet will be fatal to as much as 50% of the life in the aquarium. That brackish muddy mucholate. Now Ivar is dickering for a new site at the Stanley Park entrance.

Ivar was just going strong when his men into a second mural. Members of the SPCA goaded by the enterprising newsman were complaining that he was feeding the octopus live crabs. Ivar explained that an octopus will eat only live crabs and anyway he added a crab doesn't an animal—like a situation was a job for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Crustaceans. The SPCA compromised by asking him if he'd mind feeding the octopus at night when nobody would notice but Ivar said no the octopus didn't like to eat at night he couldn't get to sleep. There the matter still rests.

By this time Ivar knew plenty about the ocean and its inhabitants. The most useful thing he discovered was that he didn't have to go farther than 10 miles from his Vancouver aquarium to get all the strange and exotic fish he needed. He pulled up pink and maroon zebra fish from Coal Harbor, tiny green blennies from under the rocks at English Bay, tube worms, sea urchins, box crabs and sea whips from the surrounding beaches and inlets. People staring through the glass of the multi-colored fish often think they're looking at something out of the South Seas but Ivar hasn't gone far out of the harbor's mouth for any of them.

About 1941 when the papers were seeking escape stories to contrast with the war news, Ivar read that ocean fronds began to bud in the breakers. In Vancouver he held a Christmas party for his fish, having up Japanese fish festival flags and celluloid sea toys to hang on the trees in the aquarium. Mr. Scottlin dressed up a baby seal in swaddling clothes and wheeled it down the main street and into a department store to see Santa Claus who gave it a rubber ball.

Then he started a controversy which raged for weeks over the relative merits of milk chowder and chowder made with tomatoes. This war to publicize his new sea food restaurant, Prince of Clams, an offshoot of his Seattle aquarium. Ivar, rather naively, took the side of milk chowder and had to call the controversy off when he found his own eating place persisted in selling the tomato kind—it was cheaper and easier to make. "A clam is a clam or an oyster," says Ivar. "The poor little guy just has to have somebody like me to do his talking for him." He has extended this admirable philanthropy to almost all the other creatures of the deep, giving each in turn the star treatment.

Ivar's publicity sense paid off handsomely. His first year as an aquarium manager netted him only $1,000 but within 10 years he was able to build his "Prince of Clams" sea food restaurant (cost $40,000) which he says will net him $70,000 in 1947. So far says Ivar "I've only paid off mortgage." Nowadays Ivar's Seattle aquarium makes $5,000 a year and has Vancouver offshoot about $2,000 annually. He's leaving his Vancouver profits alone in anticipation of a new aquarium in that city.

Red's His Favorite Color

Perhaps the most intriguing headline he produced was the "Sea Flower Kills Shark in Mermaid Drama" story. In Ivar's aquarium all dogfish are known as sharks for publicity reasons. One unfortunate dogfish (or shark) swam or was pushed over the top of its tank one afternoon and when Ivar looked he'd taken like one. The aquarium gets its food by closing over just such an unsuspecting fish as this shark (or dogfish) paralyzing it first. Then swallowing it. That's what happened in this case. The 20 inch dogfish was partially swallowed by the sea flower which couldn't quite get all of it down. "Sea dramas such as this one are if anything encouraged intimately out frowned on in the Highland aquariums. He had many that even fraught story in which jealous male octopuses fight to the death over an eight armed sweetheart.

Highland's publicists all fun is hilarious jaunt ("free opportunity for right hand") to gain his water front restaurant chowder produced dozens of feathered applicants whom Ivar soberly interviewed before a crowd of spectators and photographers. His office to feed the nine city council of Seattle free at his restaurant if they'd grant the city freehold so-called get columns of motor-way in the newspapers and caused his cafe to get its name officially on the gabin record. And when a railroad car burst open in front of his place, spewing tons of corn syrup for an entire block, Highland made the wreckage by donning a huge fish wading



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to the centre of the rinky nose in hip boots depositing a rivulet of hot calm in the syrup and calmly eating away until the photographers left. Now Hoglund is planning a second. Acres of Claims in Vancouver and reporters are sharpening their copy pencils.

Hoglund's sea serpent, the Madeona Monster, which he claimed to have seen in Lake Madrona, Washington, was the first. Then Jack Haig claimed that the backwaters on the lake saw the monster escape hiding behind an outgoing freighter. Then he produced two fishermen who alleged to have seen it heading north. Ivar said he believed it would turn up in Lost Lagoon, Stanley Park, but he really dumped the locale to English Bay when rebuffed that the Lagoon is landlocked. Nobody has yet claimed the $5,000 he offered for its capture dead or alive.

At this writing, Hoglund is in the midst of another great sea story. A synopsis of the tempt (taken from the wires of United Press) goes something like this. Great seal herds fearful of the hunter now that the seal bounty has been raised from $3 to $8, are retreating inland. Deprived of normal food they are ravishing British Columbia forests, gnawing down trees like beavers. A trapper named Les Johnson actually saw a seal, two miles from water, fell a set with Douglas fir with his teeth.

Johnson it turns out is Hoglund's deputy at the Vancouver aquarium. Hoglund, of course, appears briefly in the story, but, following usual procedure, doesn't bring it. "Only reason I reports UP" "is Ivar Hoglund, the aquarium manager."

"Get It On the Record"

Ivar has now reached the point where he seldom bothers to ask for publicity. "I haven't been near a city desk for a year," he hearted the other day. "They come to me." His formula is a rare one. Hurriedly he seeks to rumor-red hoax-storm with an aura of authenticity.

If you can make a communication official part of the public record, you're emerged in points out, recalling the red panic and the Seattle fireball. Ivar got a professor of art from the university to tell the newspapers about the earthquake values of red over grey on the white front.

As for the mountain climbing octopus, Ivar used the whole thing up with a Geodetic Survey even got him self photographed on board the survey boat going over charts and maps with the captain.

Hoglund's second cardinal principle is to glamourize sea life. "You've got to dress it up or they'll never go for it," he explains. Even his most inanimate ocean dwellers have names and in detailed as strange but interesting human beings. Barney the barnacle, for example is also a circus performer who lives in a home with double retouch sliding doors.

If I had to publicize a jellyfish," Hoglund once said, "I'd build her up as a dancing maid. Frightful creature—yet still beautiful. Like a woman—dangerously seductive. And I'd get a good euphonious name like Josephine."

Another thing always name to the detriment of the poor unfortunate creatures. Hoglund advises prospective aquarium managers.

An octopus, he once told interviewers, "is very shy, sensitive and misunderstood. Contrary to general belief he is not a vicious ruthless drunken of the deep. This is just a defensive pose assumed to cover an unfortunately complex. Mermaidair here is just as his name implies—shy, gentle, refined.

Although his views are reported to run with brine rather than blood, Hoglund at first lore is not his aquarium are his octopuses. When he can get away from the runell of the sea he likes to collect folk songs of the Pacific Northwest and has a rapidly gaining the reputation of a raconteur. People up and down the coast hear him on the radio singing what he calls "ram bed calypsos" in a rather moody monotone accompanying himself on the guitar. Some of the songs he collects himself, others he inverts in the manner of Trinidad calypso singers.

No Home Aquarium

A few are sung in Chinook, the hybrid tongue invented by the North west Indians and traders which is known from Oregon to the Yukon. Chinook has related words like: hih rum and skookum to our own language. Hoglund doesn't understand it himself but sings it phonetically. He sang Patol Parking Meters and "Open the Door Richard" in Chinook with huge success but these days he's a little wary of the language. A while ago a Machmillan listener sent in several phonetic songs in Chinook which Ivar sang on the radio. There was a terrible howl of protest from Chinook-speaking listeners, who turned out to be fairly numerous. The ballads weren't the sort that were suitable for mixed company.

Chhhhy dimaetime Ivar and his dark pellie Carridiar born wife, whom he says he met at ice old fashioned clambake, have a hillside house in Alki Point in Seattle overlooking Puget Sound. The house itself, of white washed brick has a nautical air and the wind from the sea is broken by 10 tall 40-year-old black walnut trees. Mrs. Hoglund, who never has had a fish take with tobacco and whimsey won't serve sea food at home, but has permitted a few rares shaped bits fish to creep in among the knick-knacks.

Ivar once had a small home aquarium over the fireplace which he maintained with some thoroughness until he attempted to raise a baby octopus. "There were too many prejudiced and narrow minded objections," he recalls. "The aquarium was then discontinued and so the question of how good a house pet and possible watching an octopus can be as yet unsolved."

The Reason For It All

It is one of the stories that creep into the newspapers via Ivar that is a little far fetched. Ivar can rationalize their use. He admits for example, that Oscar the octopus didn't really climb down any undersea mountain but he insists that the story contributed greatly to the general knowledge of undersea mountains which is what the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey was after. And maybe there aren't any seals or tually eating trees says Ivar but it's time people were pucked up on forest conservation.

You've got to give them the sugar coating, he says. Otherwise they won't read the stuff at all. Nor presumably would they travel to the aquarium, as they do these days by the train of thousands.

Ivar's present expansion plans are centred on Vancouver where he hopes to build a new combination aquarium and food palace right on the water front. Like his place in Seattle it will be known as Acres of Clams, a title he picked up from an early folk song called The Settler.

But Ivar himself isn't too fond of clams or any other sea food for that matter. Personally he admits he'd just as soon have a good big steak. ★



ROSAMUND JOHN

War Bride Trained Film Star, Turns Up Next In THE UPTURNED GLASS



James Mason's long-awaited and latest film is THE UPTURNED GLASS now ready in this the star is co-producer working with Sydney Box with whom he also worked in THE SEVENTH VEIL. In this, as well Pamela Kellino, who is Mrs. Mason in private life co-stars and co-authored the screen play.

★ ★ ★

Art as happened with Ann Todd and then with Kathleen Ryan in ODD MAN OUT, our new Mason bat is apt to mean spectacular fuse for the girl who plays opposite him. Each time, she has had a haunting unusual beauty and each time she has been an exceptionally intelligent actress. This time it is Rosamund John.

★ ★ ★

Rosamund John breaks previous rules by not being an unknown. In fact, she decided as a small girl to grow up and be a famous star, had already developed into one of the most pleasant ingredients in cinema romance, when the real beauty eventually her. Following her emergence in 1943 and THE UPTURNED GLASS in 1947 she is firmly established in both romantic careers.

★ ★ ★

In the film itself, the Masons and Rosamund John give the subject an romance original and assured treatment. The story's backgrund of crime is handled with well bred reticence but violent pulsiveness.

★ ★ ★

Every month the J. Arthur Rank Organization presents at least one distinguished new short film. QUEEN OF THE FUTURE, the first of the cinema studios at Princess Elizabeth is now in Canadian theatres.

At Your Favorite Theatre Soon

An Release

Washington Memo

Continued from page 14

American production. Sooner or later the United States may need to give away no excess of exports to keep its productive machine operating at high speed. But just now exports of many products are a decided burden. They take away things for which there is super eager market at home and in turn to fill domestic prices. Wheat is the prime example. But the list of products for which European needs conflict with urgent demands in the United States is a long one including steel, boilers, electrical generators and a wide array of specialized equipment.

Most of the wartime controls on the economy have lapsed or have been revoked. The Government still has powers to regulate exports and will ask to have these extended beyond next March when they now are scheduled to expire. It can prevent products in short supply from going to foreign countries which do not need them. But it is powerless to allocate materials or prices to accomplish within the United States and powerless to regulate internal prices.

There is not the slightest chance of persuading Congress to revive wartime rationing, or individual measures or wartime price controls. Even if it could be whipped into line months would be required to restore the administrative machinery which has been completely dismantled. If the need should remain serious, Congress might be induced to give the Administration limited temporary powers to allocate the use of scarce commodities. But the first and most reluctance had to be an voluntary self rationing.

The Government experts calculate that if the American people would reduce their consumption of meat and related products by 10 they would bring the prices of these down sufficiently to discourage the feeding of wheat. In livestock and thus make available the minimum of additional grain absolutely essential to Europe. A 10 reduction would still leave the consumption of meat will above the present level. Many officials do not like a voluntary campaign would succeed. In the past such campaigns usually have been ineffectual in what measures in 1946 for example by limiting the use of wheat by distillers, brewers and feed mixers and by compelling millers to grind flour for "grey bread." The ballyhoo through the press and over the radio served chiefly to explain to the public why such steps were necessary.

This time however rising prices for meat were themselves a check on consumption by a growing percentage of families. It was felt that a concerted voluntary campaign designed to bring prices down by restricting per capita expenditure on meat would be welcomed by most citizens, since if it were a success, it would save money for them in addition to making more grain available for export. One analyst calculated that a reduction of 10 in the prices of meat and poultry and dairy products would save American enough money to cover the cost of all the food the United States would send to Europe during the next 12 months under the Marshall program.

The reaction in high Administration circles to the program for Western Europe worked out by 16 ministers in Paris was, on the whole favorable. This probably was to be expected since the document was revamped to conform to suggestions made by the State Department. It is realized that in reducing their estimate of the total Western European deficit by approximately seven billion dollars the Paris



If she strings you along like this...

When you'd rather get tied up like this...





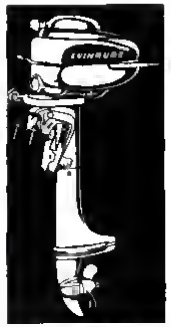
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confidence had to make some optimistic assumptions especially concerning the revival of trade between Western Europe and Eastern Europe. But the original figure $29 billions, would have staggered Congress. The $22 billion figure finally submitted will seem overstated to this Congress and almost certainly will be trimmed. It probably will be shaved somewhat by the Administration before it goes to Congress. Some informed officials think it can be. For while they are aware of the optimistic assumptions, part already faded by they believe also that some of the participants understated their capacity for self-help. Frankly they feel that in parts of Europe many people are not working as hard as they should or would if their Governments pursued policies which encouraged greater individual effort.

Criticism of British

Whether the total estimates for four years are high or low is not, however, of much importance now except as the over all figures affect the attitude of Congress toward the appropriations requested for the next 18 months. The present Congress can appropriate only for the current fiscal years ending June 30 1948 and the next one. After that the program will rest in the hands of future Congresses. The four year estimates are valuable chiefly to indicate whether it is feasible to put Western Europe back on its feet. Whether this will take three years or five or cost a few billions of dollars more or less, is secondary to the question can Western Europe with aid from the Western Hemisphere be reconstructed so that it will remain democratic and operate its own living?

Behind the official scenes there is much criticism of the British Government. There is strong feeling that the Labor Government is not attacking the problem of coal production as wisely or courageously as it should, see also "Battle for Coal"—page nine. A hint of this was made public by Secretary of Commerce W. Averell Harriman in his speech in Cleveland in September. Mr. Harriman was head lease expediter in London during the war, then Ambassador to the Soviet Union and later Ambassador to Great Britain. A more sympathetic friend of Britain would be hard to find and he is also a warm admirer of Ernest Bevin. But like many other informed persons he sees little hope for full recovery in Britain unless the British can exploit their only important raw material more efficiently. It makes no sense to him to continue sending American coal to Europe at a cost of $40 a ton when there is plenty of coal in the ground in Britain, Germany, Belgium and elsewhere on the other side of the Atlantic.

The estimates of increased coal production submitted in the Paris report are reasonably satisfactory to American officials but many of them doubt that the goals will be met by the methods generally employed. With respect to Britain there is also widespread doubt in official circles that the tightened austerity program of the Labor Government will increase British production generally as much as other officials would. Much of this doubt is attributable to a basic distrust of Socialist planning by Americans who are emotionally and intellectually committed to "free enterprise." It is generally realized also that it would be out of place for the American Government to try to tell the British how to manage their affairs. But these sentiments will affect Washington's treatment of the Paris program to which the estimated needs of Britain bulk so large. In fact some officials are now talking of the advisability of separating the British part of the program from the continental parts and of pleading with British cooperation a U.S.-British-Canadian conference.

The State Department, at the same time, not only appreciates the leadership shown by Mr. Bevin in organizing the Paris conference and piloting it, in co-operation with Mr. Bidault to a successful conclusion, but considers it important in many ways to keep Britain tied into the continental program. It also attaches much importance to ways to bring some form of joint continental, or Western European responsibility for the success of the program as a whole. American officials do not want all the pressure on each individual participant to live up to its commitments to have to come from the United States. They want it to come also from the other participants in the program, through the understanding that failure by one will injure the prospects of the others.

Stopgap Aid

By the time the Paris report was submitted the sharpest concern of the State Department was not however about its over all size or other long-range aspects but about the urgent need for stopgap help by Italy, France and possibly others. When Congress adjourned in midsummer it was widely held that if the proper committees could do the spadework during the late autumn so that Congress could act promptly on the Marshall program immediately after the opening of its regular session in January Europe could struggle through. A minority bid even that a special session in late November with a view to action in December was essential.

By late August this minority had become nearly all officials and reports who were watching the situation closely. Within another two weeks many of them decided that it would be very risky to permit the fall months to pass without stopgap aid at least for Italy and France. They urged the calling of a special session in early October to vote temporary funds as a first installment on the European program. If they could get that they were willing to let action on the program as a whole—or rather, for the period from April 1, 1948 until June 30 1948—wait until the regular session. This was a rather disconcerting proposal to politicians who had left Washington with the understanding that a special session probably would not be needed and, if needed, would not be convened until the latter part of November.

The President did not want to call a special session without prior assurance of the Republican leaders that they would promptly vote emergency aid. The Republican leaders wanted to avoid advance commitments—especially since under our loose kind of political organizations their leaders could not bind the rank and file anyway.

The reaction in Congressional circles to the whole program—both stopgap aid and long range—should be clearer by the time this is read. Eventually after ramming the estimates carefully and scaling them down somewhat Congress almost certainly will vote a substantial sum to support a European recovery program. The time element is another question—the most disturbing question to high officials of this writing.

The Republicans won the only special Congressional election of the early fall in the eighth district of Pennsylvania. The district is ordinarily Republican although the Democrats carried it three times during the depression years. The Democrats did not expect to carry it this year. But they did count on reducing the normal Republican majority. That, at least, is what the leaders of labor counted on. The Democratic candidate was a CIO union official and the campaign was managed and handsomely financed by the CIO unions, with the support also of the leaders of the AF of L unions and of the railroad brotherhoods. But the Republicans won by an even larger margin than in November 1946 when the Democrats did not expend a fraction of the effort or money on a district which they expected to lose anyway.

The explanation is ostensibly chiefly to the fact that the Taft-Hartley Act regulating industrial disputes and unions was made the chief issue. It would seem that the ordinary non-union voter simply refuses to believe the charges of the union leaders that this act "enslaves" labor. He may not

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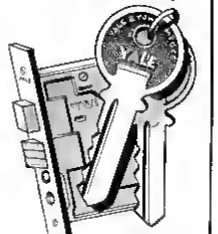
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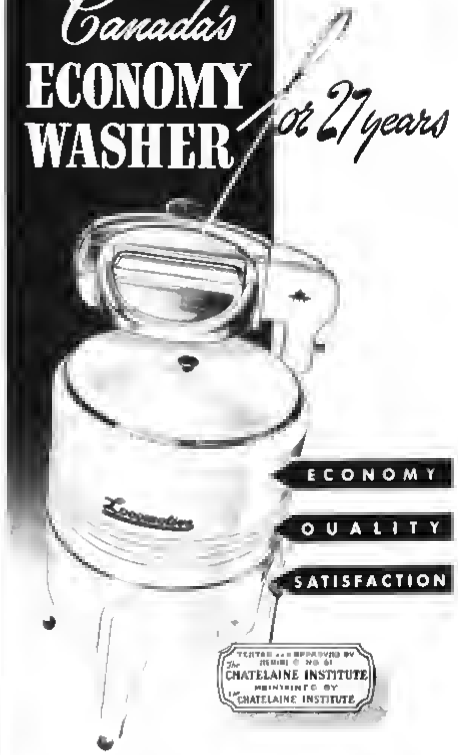
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portunately like the Republican Party and he may not be anti-union, but he believes that the country has suffered from union abuses and privileges which he regards as excessive. When the position of organized labor or the status of unions becomes the dominant issue—as it did in this case through a CIO candidate backed and financed by the unions—he will vote against the leaders of labor. And so judging from close analysis of the vote in some of the working-class precincts of this district will some of the rank and file of union members, especially those belonging to the AF of L craft unions.

The Democrats cannot win the national election next year without the overwhelming support of organized labor in the North. But the Pennsylvania election warned again the Democrats cannot win if labor issues and extra candidates are pushed to the forefront. How to get the labor vote while subordinating labor issues presents some real problems in political manipulation both for the regular Democrats and for the labor-politicians who fear a Republican victory. ★

Farewell to Knees

Continued from page 13

exceptions the visiting Elks from the U.S.A. went overboard. They had good reasons—economic as well as artistic. Under what passed for austerity on this side of the ocean more and more women had been falling into the ratiocinal habit of wearing a dress until it wore out. The New Look would fix that. Who there she liked it or not, Madam would return forthwith to the salutary practice of giving last year's wardrobe to the maid—if the maid didn't throw it right back in her face. If she had a maid.

Once the great decision was taken the orders of the day passed down through the industry's hysteric chain of command finally reaching the palpitating and presumably grateful customers through the fashion magazines. One of these recommended its readers sternly:

You can't be a last year girl. You can't let the clock stop of course if you want to rally yourself with those women who hold off until a new fashion is on everyone else's back. But if you do you're bound to feel out of tune. Fashion is shaken to your foundations.

After lectoring the gals in this manner the communiqué sneered at the clothier the arm magazine had ordered them to wear last year. All ready you are in tune the skimpiness and shortness of the old skirts; heavy bulky shoulder pads are annoying you.

The phrase went on to warn the ladies that the New Look war not going to be easy to assume. The girls were going to have to do waist exercises to slide into the new look without a ripple. The logic of this counsel was not delineated even though it seemed to mean that in order to get into the hip pads and look bigger Madam must first reduce to accommodate the pads.

The magazine then offered several pages of harrowing camera studies showing the barness Madam must be laced into beneath her leather garments. A group of starving fashion models looking like airmass of Belsen and Buchenwald peered out of the pages with expressions of extreme discomfort. As they were forced into the corsets and hip pads they seemed to try out to the onlookers. Rescue me from these guns. Carry me off to a double mallted with two eggs.

For those who prize quality

Henry Perkins Billfolds



Illustrated No. 6150 with Zipper half way around $5.00

If you prefer a zipper-type billfold here's our ingeniously designed to meet your taste. It has a coin purse, three window removable pass case and seven compartments. Made of fine quality Persian leather in black or brown—$5.00. Ordered from $2.25 Weir B. Perkins & Sons (Canada) Limited, 1191 University St., Montreal, Que., for FREE descriptive catalogue

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FOR YOUR HOME... COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE WITH THE LOWEST OF ALL FUEL COSTS



Livingston STOKER

It's the economical luxury. You'll have steady, clean heat at low cost. The Livingston Stoker requires but 10 minutes' attention in 24 hours

LIVINGSTON STOKER SALES CO. LTD. HAMILTON, CANADA

Once the consumer had been fairly warmed where her duty lay, the manufacturers plunged into the final details of their own. These were not inconsiderable.

The women's clothing manufacturer has many considerations beside style to size up. The practicability of a garment as a mass-production item is very important. Very few Parisian prototypes are exactly copied in ready-made manufacture. The manufacturer must be able to duplicate the fabric if available; if not, the dress should lend itself to treatment in other fabrics. Details such as buttons, embroidery, pleating and the like must be carefully studied for costs of material and labor in actual mass manufacture. The 17 buttons a Parisian gamine tosses into his exclusive design may have to come down to seven buttons in the dress worn by 25,000 women.

Preparing For the Battle

So the manufacturer carries home his $8,000 prototype and his designers and estimators take it apart in his workroom. When they have figured the cost of buttons down to fractions of a cent, pull their slide rules to work on the number of labor hours involved in pleating, and translated the dress into materials which are available on this side of the water, Paris creation has become New York or Montreal factory product.

The Paris showings are also attended by representatives of the fabric mills who note the prevailing trends in weave and color. The favorite colors this season in Paris were various shades of green and dark Victorian neutral colors in brown and grey.

When the garment manufacturers began to put the new styles into production they ran into a good many rinkers.

More than most businessmen the clothing manufacturer is sensitive to the slightest fluctuations in the economy. A dress manufacturer Joseph Goldstein said: "The new long styles were designed to stimulate trade because everyone thought there was going to be a recession this fall. But there was no decrease in demand and the new styles, which use more material, boomeranged on manufacturers caught in a rising fabric market. In addition there was so much uncertainty about the new styles that everyone waited until the last minute to place orders. This caused a fabric rush and forced prices up still more."

The habit of the U.S. women's ready-to-wear industry, Women's Wear Daily, reports that it is not peaceful among the retail shops who have the final selling job to do.

The merchandising chief of one of the biggest U.S. specialty chains is quoted as saying: "Stores are overstocking themselves in order to have merchandise in hand. If these retailers don't get hold of themselves they are likely to be a number of bank ruptcies by the time the year is out." Current reports that consumers are enthusiastic about the new fall styles should be taken with a grain of salt. While the early sales are gratifying they are not necessarily a criterion of regular season acceptance. Selling in stores at this time is confined to a relative handful of women who would apparently pay almost any price to be the first with the new things.

"Stores get carried about the handmost prospects last spring and the previous fall on the basis of initial consumer response but that promise wasn't borne out in midseason volume. As a result retailers were left with racks of clothes which had to be sold at greatly reduced prices."

In short, even with the dice loaded in its favor, the New Look had to make some of its points the hard way. With the modern inkwell shape as accessible as the nearest dry-goods store, some of the gals just sat home and sulked.

Others came right out and screeched like murder. The hot-blooded females of Texas took to the streets with unceasing slogans against the longer skirt. Led by the heroine Mrs. Warren J. Woodard, they put on mob caps and hoisted seditious banners of "Lift the Hem!", "Be Practical!" and "Please Save Us!" Brave gals throughout the land rallied to the standard.

A dress-shop proprietor of Dallas, Tex., recently addressed a group of shirt-skirted rebels in that city—"I just came to tell you ladies that I think you are right. I think the designers and dress industry are trying to get away with murder. The new styles render even your coats obsolete and with half the world begging for material to cover its naked back, I can't see that there is any justification for those drastic new fashions." The Dallas protests are said to have been inspired by the Western sports clothing industry which has been increasingly successful in capturing the playclothes trade from New York and Paris.

Constance Bennett, the motion picture actress, uttered a withering blast against the mode in a radio forum: "I for one" she stated "am not going to let a few headline-seeking designers fashion magazines and store windows intimidate me into wearing what they say is the latest style from Paris. I think they are trying to dictate. I am going to wear what becomes me most—square from shoulders, skirts to the middle of my calf, natural waist and hiplines."

"Let Them Squawk!"

Brave words—but if the fashion industry's worried, it's still a well-kept secret. One woman's wear publicist told me: "Sure they're squawking. Their anti-natural and we regard it as the best kind of publicity for the new fashion. What will kick the women is the sight of other women taking to the new hemline and silhouette. We don't expect to get the new styles on every woman's back this season. But by next fall there will be shirted few holdouts."

Curiously Paris has not yet rallied against American dissenters. There has been no uprising of Parisian women parading the streets in long skirts. That diminutive is patently impossible because in the cradle of the new mode women have got the money to switch from their present wardrobes. Shortage of material and vastly inflated prices prevent the elite Parisienne from showing her patriotic loyalty to la Rue de la Paix. American women arriving in Paris this fall wearing the last word from Mrd. Carpentier found that they were so out of place that they had to take hasty tucks in their hemlines to conform with the Paris look. It just goes to show the prophets are often without the wherewithal in their own lands.

In Britain the New Look is a complete dud. Sir Stafford Cripps, Minister for Economic Affairs told British dressers that the shorter the skirt the better through there must be some limit introduced by other considerations. The Guild of Fashion Designers in London last month observed 500 guests to the trade an ingenious compromise between style and bleak necessity. This invention is called the Spend Skirt which suggests length but reveals the legs without employing more material. The Guild more than

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Yes, it is actually true. The world's most popular clock family is back on the job of keeping Canada on time! Big Ben, most famous of all alarms, his handsome little brother Baby Ben, good looking wrist and pocket watches are a few of the dependables, smartly designed members of the Westclox family. Look for them, also for the stunning new Westclox electric alarm and electric time clocks.

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DON'T LICK THOSE DRY CHAPPED LIPS

Now, soothing LYPSYL relieves soreness quickly

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Relieved!

Cautious Cecil tells naughty Aunt Matilda that all Vicks Cough Drops So fast and so effective — because they're really medicated with ointment-like throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub. Taste good, do good. Try one for fun or free! You'll like 'em!

Tired and irritable?

TAKE

Kruschen

Grandpa Kruschen says: "Start the day right—Get that Kruschen feeling!"

When you begin to find yourself getting tired and irritable for no apparent reason, don't blame your health entirely. Many a sluggish, tired-out person may be largely to blame. You are, unless you find out. Take a pinch or two of Kruschen Salts first thing each morning in the next few weeks. This simple plan has helped thousands of persons keep in regularly. And with regularity, those causes for improved health and vigour—brighter, dearer eyes, clearer skin, energy, vitality—so often result. So start taking Kruschen today and see if you, yourself, why thousands of people the world over, know this simple health aid is ready to help. Kruschen is 2/3, and 7/3 at all drug stores.

Figure conscious?

Get my Zwowzers fitting snugly to your waist, necessary placket, tailor-pat the bottom, now having two pockets and perfect English tailoring from Bond Street London

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hints that the Spiral will be the basis of Princess Elizabeth's wedding trousseau.

But the world made from the American cut, the new decree will hollow laugh. There have been no radio debates in ruined Prague over what Madame chooses to wear. Madame chooses no more her choose for her winter wardrobe.

The new fur coat lines have aroused a belligerent shyness among the consumers. The maids employed twice an many pelts in order to get the girth a transatlantic silhouette, starting at the floor and working up in a gently bend. Holman sleeves large enough to contain a young sapling featured. Beneath the skins Madame must assemble an hourglass but when she enters the coat she looks more like a bell tent.

The fur industry enjoyed a furore boom during the war but is badly hit by postwar inflation. Last season cost of the biggest fur manufacturers in the U.S. did a spectacular dive in mid season and was saved from bankruptcy by a hurry-it-all industry effort. Around Manhattan's cramped West Midtown fur district thus season the boys are learning to hold their cigars in crossed fingers.

Straight From the Shoulder

The ukase from on high that shoulders must are not in favor of a natural shoulder line has caused old Ned in the specialized branch of the women's wear industry. I refer to the manufacturers of shoulder pads. Jonk Ulrich, president of the Women's Apparel Shoulder Pad Association, has spoken on This topic. (There is, by the way, no organization known as the Association of Adjustable Shoulder Strap Manufacturers.) Mr. Ulrich the shoulder pad champion says his product "does miracles after a man... makes hips appear slimmer, improves the appearance of the bust line and makes women appear less round shouldered." Although Mr. Ulrich is undoubtedly going to get into trouble with the hip-and-hair with cracks like that, he seems to be respected by womankind as his definition of the shoulder pad. The great majority of Paris-inspired dresses have had modified shoulder pads inserted in the American mass-produced models.

But the main fight obviously is over. All the holdouts are really quarrelling over now whether they want it or not is where to put the pads.

I recently caught a full dress showing of the 1947 look" on Fifth Avenue. A fashion model who had apparently just left a session under the searing lights of the photographer came limping along under the weight of her bathing the look mark of the profession. She wore a earlywheel hat and a long silk print dress terminating six inches from the hot sidewalk. She had no shoulder pads in the dress which allowed us to find a third of the bone structure of her underworked body. This apparition, no doubt inspired by a minor painting of El Greco, brooded her fainting way through jaw clouds of New York manhood in summer dresses. They wore no hats or hot mats or corsets and no whole collars and didn't seem to mind that they were drowned by Paris. They were short of breath and drink taxis. They were still able to inspire revolt, whether from minds nits of the well turned calf.

Ah yes. It could be worse. The shoes have toes in them again. Once again men will have a pump a man can drink champagne out of.

And for another out of sunshine I refer you to an ex peasant of war I met the other night in a Broadway bar. "Long skirts," he said. I don't mind them. I got a good memory. ★

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ARE YOU ONLY HALF SAFE?

Does YOUR deodorant really kill odor instantly, safely, surely—stop perspiration? Or are you gambling with your popularity?

ARE YOUR CLOTHES ONLY HALF SAFE?

Some deodorants rot fabrics, others do not stop the perspiration which stains clothes. Do you risk spoiling a favorite dress?

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Some deodorants may irritate, redden, inflame skin. Are you taking chances? Use a proved deodorant gentle enough for skin!

BE ARRID-SAFE

Get this 3-way protection

1. Arrid really protects you from all stubborn perspiration odor instantly, safely, surely, and keeps you safe by unsurpassed action.
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NO OTHER deodorant STOPS PERSPIRATION and ODOR so COMPLETELY yet so SAFELY

TO MARK AN OCCASION

WEAR WITH Pleasure GIVE TO Treasure

pierce

AT LEADING JEWELLERS

MAILBAG

"I Curse the Hour I Saw Winnipeg"

Winnipeg? He Hates It!

I have read that stupid article about Winnipeg being a friendly city. I have lived here 25 years and never had any one befriend me.

I have belonged to All Saints Church here and am never treated friendly by any members.



Think of him dreads of people who are dreading the cruel winter that Winnipeg has never letting up for one day. I curse the hour that I ever saw Winnipeg. It has been a wasted life here through no fault only having no friends.

Xmas is the most worst day to put in. Everybody in their homes stuffing themselves to death. Often on Xmas night I have passed the houses to see the people enjoy themselves, crying only for themselves.

I lived in Toronto and know the difference in Toronto I was always happy. I belonged to St. Johns Cathedral. They were angels to me. I am returning to Toronto as soon as possible. The writer of this article may have Winnipeg. A Fifth U. Winnipeg

Green Blush

Quote from "Game I Live With My (Sept 15)—but dark green shrubs and green and yellow bulbs blushed with the bridesmaids' hazy red hair gleamed richly in the sun."

How would it be if author Eileen La Marr and/or Donald Andrews and your printing staff got together? Or am I color blind? Steve Williams, Red Deer, Alberta.

—*We've called them into conference wearing red shirts and faces.—The Editors.*

Slippery Business Is Moving to B.C.

Re "Slippery Business" by Placide Labelle in July 15 Maclean's. Mr. Labelle says no seals have been seen on the Pacific seaboard.

I would like to say that I have seen seals which were caught in Lakelse Lake, the outlet of which is Lakelse River, a tributary of the Skeena River which flows into the Pacific near Prince Rupert. I sampled some of the oil made into a dish called eulachon. It was very good.—Elizabeth M. Whitlaw, Vancouver.

Sex and Continence

That the Doukhabors of Hillbury, Vancouver Island, are living under "views of continence" seems a matter of real interest. Sex in man as in all nature is primarily the function of procreation of the race, it is not a matter for amusement or entertainment.

That anomaly who indeed live nature's laws of continence except when procreation is desired, preserve their strength and reap nature's benefits of health, high intelligence, true and beautiful regard for a mate, sturdy offspring and cleanliness of speech mind and body.

"I am often modern societies call sex, I discuss no results in a more familiarly with sex.—Jual Anathor, Father Vancouver.

Just Gummy

I like my Maclean's as better it grows. It is interesting wise and funny.

But the way it leads me along by the nose and crowds on my time is gummy.

I get so wrapped up in love triangles, bold on pages five, turn and eleven.



By the time that the villain is knocked out cold, I'm panting through thirty and seven.—N. F. Mac Kay, Ottawa.

Take Him Out!

I am always amused by Pierre, but I'm cracking them in your Sept. 15 issue I situated me extremely. Old Bier" must be a little old if he describes slicker as a cricket term. It applies not more to that than to any other game where a player strikes out.—R. McCaughey, Ottawa.



Somebody has certainly slipped the game in question definitely was from *ball* and not in Brooklyn either. The big cricket (two natured the typographical error of the time) can certainly mean a heavy batter in baseball as well as in cricket.

Cricket indeed! Middleton rubbed baseball fans who sat on the thirteen penultimately all autumn waiting their favorite game will really be born. I feel to hear that.—Beatrice B. Fisher, Middleton, N.S.

—Maclean's Parade editor bunched out of the ball park but he's been sent to the minors.—The Editors



BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

$100.00 Prize for Best Recipe

FREE VOUCHER TO EVERYONE WHO WRITES

HELLO NEIGHBOURS! Best of November! Time to close the door against the Man Winter whistling through the bare trees—time to let the white birch logs in the fireplace and gather friends together for long evenings of good talk and good food.

I'VE GOT A LIST mainly a vast long of super dishes to serve on cold nights at those impromptu get-togethers when all those grand friends of mine write—some gathered from experiments in Canada's best kitchens.

SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS TO

MISS EVA MUMFORD Box 112 Windsor, N.S.

who won the $100.00 August prize. Listen to her way of using Kik. Here's Miss Mumford's:

STUFFED KLIK LOAF with Orange Marmalade Glaze



Set in baking dish and cover with a thick layer of Orange Marmalade. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or so.

I served this delicious meal with baked potatoes and green peas—and got high praise for a colourful, delicious dinner. And now, here's another contest!

THIS MONTH I WILL SEND A $100.00 CHEQUE for the best recipe sent in.

YORK FROSTED FOODS

Just tell me in a letter how you serve York Frosted Foods. You can write about fruits, vegetables or those delicious pastries of York Frosted Foods which you like best.

CONSOLATION PRIZES TOO Second prize will be a beautiful electric wall clock. Every recipe sent in may be exchanged FREE for a generous package of York Frosted Foods.

JUST ONE STIPULATION! All recipes become my property and may be published. However, the author's name will not be used unless permission is given. All I ASK IS A SAMPLE.

CLOSING DATE for this $100.00 Novelty Prize will be the 15th of December and letters must be postmarked before midnight November 30th 1947. Winner will be announced in my column December issue.

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO BRENDA YORK,

"Good Things-to-Eat" Department, Canada Packers Limited, 2200 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this?

TRICK UP YOUR SLEEVE Mix pepper better with your hands. It goes on a cake and stays put all sandwich. Needs liquid. Don't

MORE ABOUT CHILI SAUCE I took some to the office—the waiter needed what I took must go with a thing—not some York Canned Tomatoes are my answer. Cook the pulp with the liquid and leave some out. Cook some more, then heat. Delicious on hamburgers and hot dogs.

PEPPER SQUASH DE LUXE Cut in half lengthwise, remove seeds, bake in moderate oven 350 degrees F. for 45 minutes. Fill with cooked mixture of equal parts Klik, onion and tomato. Bake 15 minutes more.

SUNDAY BRUNCH Spread Melba Toast Rounds with Klik and top with a poached egg. Delicious.

THIS n' THAT Instant Klik—no cooking, just add hot water. Add Klik to canned soups. Use in meat loaf. Use Klik for Melba Toast. Spread Melba Toast Rounds with Klik and top with a poached egg. Delicious.

LIKE THEM CRISPY? Spread Klik on pre-cooked bacon and bake in hot oven until crisp. Delicious.

I'll send all the letters with the recipes to the judges for scoring and one of the smart kitchens of York Frosted Foods—and be sure to mail your letter so it will reach me by November 30th 1947. Cheerio for now.

Yours Until Things Get Better,

Brenda York



Be sure of your Flashlight

USE BURGESS BATTERIES

RECOMMENDED BY YOUR STAPLES - DEMONSTRATED BY YOUR SERVICE

NIAGARA FALLS - CANADA

TAKE CARE



Carry Travel Cash in American Express Travelers Cheques

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KEEP CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM IN THE KITCHEN.... ....where all the family can use it

OVERNIGHT SOFTENING for Chapped and DRY HANDS

This is the original skin softener

Your hands need protection. So don't take chances with dish or dust but use Campana's Italian Balm which will laundry protect—clarify from dryness rough ness and chapping. Keep them soft and well groomed. A few drops are sufficient for both hands

Campana's Italian Balm

25c 35c 50c $1.00

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 15

berns—and got badly gored. They sent out a letter to the veterans which was construed as an ultimatum giving them seven days to decide whether they wanted to sign up or owners sign up as tenants at $48 a month or eviction.

That ultimatum blew the top right off a sizzling cauldron. The veterans were furious and trouble shooters were sent down from Ottawa to find out what went on. What they found was bad enough. It seems to cook Mr Mr rehsons goose.

Of the 100 houses in the Windsor area for instance, only 34 had been inspected by the two inspectors that VLA had on the job. The other 66 for alt of which repair claims had been made, hadn't even been looked at. Ottawa brought in four more inspectors and completed that job in three 16-hour days.

Also they found the complaints were very well founded. Luckily for the veterans it was a rainy day when the investigators arrived—they were able to see for themselves the puddles that formed on kitchen floors with every shower. And even where complaints were trivial they found such a serr relationship between the veterans and the authorities that there was needless difficulty in fixing things.

They found a measure of reasonable muddle in administration. Some things could be done on the spot. There's of seemingly equal importance had to be deferred to headquarters, result was more a repair might be made fairly promptly while his neighbor's grievance lay unappeased for weeks.

Finally they found no complaint with the local officials—even the worst veterans conceded that they were as the spot were doing the best they could. The trouble lay higher up.

The probable upshot (it may have taken place by the time these lines appear) will be the same change in personnel that was planned and upshot some 10 months ago.

* * *

When Hon. Brooke Claxton recently got back from the Canberra Conference of Commonwealth ministers in Lrjar he had so little to say that the conference sounded like a petty, even superfluous affair. Actually from what one can gather from corridor gossip here, it was a pretty useful show, though it had the markings, when it started, of a first-class family row.

Dr. Evatt, Australia's Minister of External Affairs, was the originator of the idea. Ottawa suspected his object was to make Australia the Voice of the Commonwealth in the draughting of the Japanese peace treaty. Canada always supposed to play single voice for the Commonwealth war set to block that.

As it happened the question never came up. There indeed no room prospect, when the conference was called that the four nation Allied Council on which Australia sits representing herself, Britain, New Zealand and India would draught the Japanese treaty. But before the conference actually met the United States proposed a meeting of the Far Eastern Commission (11 nations including Canada) to prepare the treaty. All except Russia have accepted so that settled the single cross problem for this year.

The second big, though in the Canberra meeting was De Evatt's original conception of a Japanese peace. The Australians were for running harder peace than the Americans deem feasible. Bigger reparations longer occupation tougher terms all along the line.

But this question didn't come up either. Just after calling the Canberra meeting, Dr. Evatt visited Japan, talked to General MacArthur, inspected the situation and was enough let's won over to the American point of view.

So, when the Canberra Conference actually opened, all the grounds for serious dispute had been removed. All that remained was the highly important task of explaining the Japanese problem and generally during the honeymoon for the forthcoming meeting of the Far Eastern Commission.

* * *

If Russia can be persuaded to agree, or if (as seems likely) the British and Americans decide to go ahead with or without Russia, the Far Eastern Commission will probably hold its first session on the Japanese treaty any time now—either during or immediately after the United Nations Assembly. The 11 foreign ministers will meet set up draughting commissions agree on a date for their own re-assembly and the final preparation of the treaty.

Thanks to the Canberra conference, it's now evident that all the English speaking nations will be close to full agreement on the major points. The Commonwealth countries don't entirely share American optimism about the regime now taking shape in Japan, but they seem quite prepared to go along.

Territorial settlements are always matters for argument but in Canada, at least, there seems to be no serious objection to American claims for trusteeship of Japanese islands. Canada does have an important interest though in seeing that these islands be held in trusteeship and not absolutely. If the U.S. holds an island in strategic trusteeship she can forbid the use for civilian air transport. But she has in that case to bear all civilian air transport, including her own. Canada wants to make sure that the stepping stones across the Pacific shall be equally available to all comers.

Another argument might have been expected over reparations, but apparently this has already died. The plain fact is that Japan cannot now or in the foreseeable future provide reparations to anybody. Short of her income from looted China, short of all overseas possessions and her home industries pulverized, Japan is utterly and perhaps permanently destitute.

Experts have surveyed the Japanese plant and calculated that with modern improvements Japanese productive can be increased by about 25%. But though Japanese production has slumped Japanese reproduction has not—by the time such improvements could be made the Japanese population will also have increased by 25%.

* * *

On most points Canada's position at a Japanese peace conference would be the same as at a Pre-peace one. We have a general and overriding interest in effective peace but usually no specific interests or demands to lay before the conference on our own behalf.

In the Japanese case there's one exception. On Pacific fishery Canada is very anxious to make rules by imposed treaty that her north the Japanese will stop raiding the salmon, seal whale and other fisheries on the west coast by systematic defiance of conservation rules. The Japs have always been notorious for fishing out of season, killing mother seals and whales, taking too big a catch and in every other conceivable way depleting the North Pacific fisheries.

Canada would like to make it part of the peace terms that these practices must stop. Since most other nations at the peace table have also suffered to some degree by the same kind of poaching there shouldn't be much difficulty about it. ★

Are They Better Off Dead?

Continued from page 8

from several psychiatrists. Edith Rethart was placed in a mental hospital for observation. One month later she was declared legally sane and became a free woman.

Many Canadian doctors oppose legalized euthanasia on religious and moral grounds. However there appears to be a growing number of general practitioners, specialists and officers of important medical associations and organizations who have come to favor merciful release as a humanitarian principle.

"When you look down at the pain twisted face of a patient, week after week, and know that he is beyond your help," one doctor told me, "it seems barbarous and stupid not to help him."

Canadian doctors who hold this opinion are reluctant to air their views in public. All the medical men I interviewed who favored euthanasia made it solemnly promise that they would not be identified in any way in this article.

"To come out flatly in favor of euthanasia," I was told again and again, "is the same as announcing your retirement from medical practice. Prejudice against it is very strong among certain sections of the Canadian public."

After an intensive search I was only able to find one case of a Canadian doctor who publicly advocated euthanasia. He was Dr. Omar Hague who, a few years before the war, was a radiologist on the St. Boniface Hospital in Manitoba. When asked by a reporter for his views on the subject, he gave a direct answer.

"I think legalizing euthanasia would be a fine thing. We have only to visit the committal diseases department of any hospital to realize that many unnatural lives better left unlived."

For his candor, Dr. Hague was dismissed from his post. He sued the hospital and was three months severance pay. "A professional man has a perfect right to express himself on scientific matters," declared the justice who had decided the decision.

What Doctors Do

Regardless of the law and current opinion however the practice of euthanasia is endorsed by some Canadian doctors. "I have known doctors to risk professional ruin and criminal prosecution to perform what they regard as a supreme act of mercy. I was told by a responsible medical source.

Let us look at some of the cases where doctors have decided to take the law into their own hands.

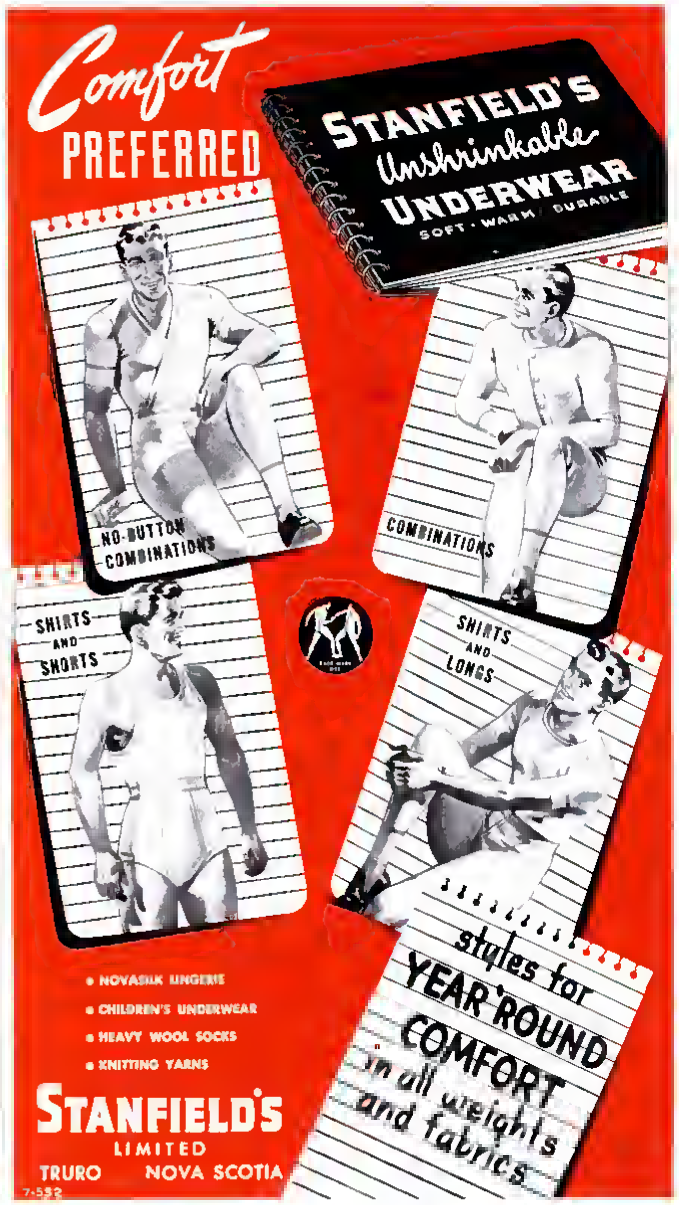
For obvious reasons no names are mentioned and the facts have been somewhat altered to a future protection for the people involved.

The scene is a delivery room in a Maritime hospital. At the moment of birth the doctors experienced every recognized that the infant will never nature develop normally probably not survive beyond the third or fourth year. The child's head is grotesque. The brain is partially missing and there is a mass of tumors at the base of the spine.

To deliver the baby alive means a frantic struggle, with every second precious. The doctor deliberately delays and the child is born dead.

A prairie farmer had a tractor accident during the harvesting season. He was picked up from the ground screaming and rushed to the hospital where it was found that he had a serious spinal injury. No hope was held for his recovery.

The pain was so paralyzing that the



Look for

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Announced a year ago in Canada, "Kroy" unshrinkable wool is now becoming available through leading manufacturers. Now you can buy garments which, no matter how many times they are washed carefully *do not shrink* below the knitted size.

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farmer became more intoxicated. The morphine. A dose which first produced four hours sleep soon produced only three, then two, then almost none. The doctor gave the patient an intravenous injection which sent him into the deep sleep of death.

In an Ontario community a prominent lawyer had a two-year-old son who was a congenital idiot, blind and muscularly undeveloped. The child would not ever recognize his own mother. Depressed, the father sought the family doctor for help.

"For all our sakes you must do something at once," he pleaded with him.

At his next visit to the lawyer's home the doctor took a hypodermic needle from his bag and loaded it with a lethal preparation. He carefully pinched the child's arm. Later that day it died in its sleep.

The Doomed Children

All of the physicians in the above cases temporarily set aside their solemn obligation to prolong human life. But they knew from long experience that the greatest mercy they could bestow was to end the unfortunate victims' lives quickly and painlessly.

The real tragedies occur when a suffering cripple is left to face a prolonged death struggle. A particularly fatal malformation. "It cannot be a heavy toll of the patient, his family and the community."

This is particularly true of infants who are seriously defective from birth. Many never go home to live with their families but are placed in special wards of public institutions which dot the country from Halifax to Vancouver.

Frequently these days, due to the shortage of bed space, parents are asked to keep such children at home for all but a few years. Despite all the mother's care the child seldom lives beyond six or seven years.

When, by some miracle, it does survive beyond that the nerve-racked parents are often driven to take some desperate measure.

As we have seen in Canada no organized group promotes euthanasia, which individual citizens usually shy away from public discussion of the subject.

In the United States, however, the euthanasiasts have banded together under the name of the Euthanasia Society of America. Its full purpose, of passing a bill which would legalize voluntary mercy killings.

From their headquarters on 97th Street in New York City the euthanasiasts carry on a vigorous campaign to combat the misunderstanding, prejudice and fear which surround the subject. The society's literature goes out all over the country and makes prominent use of the names of the 1,800 physicians—as well as many clergymen, writers and other prominent personalities—who are members.

A search of the society's membership files revealed that there is only one Canadian member. Mrs. A. N. Jenkin of Montreal. She told me she and her late husband had belonged for a number of years but that they had taken no active steps to recruit further members among their fellow citizens.

One of the most sensational crusaders for the cause is the Rev. Charles Francis Potter who founded the society eight years ago. Mr. Potter summed up his philosophy of mercy killing in the words of his favorite dog.

"The coup de grâce is given as a matter of fact to a horse with a broken leg or a sick old dog," he has often repeated. "It is cruel and inhuman to deny it to humans."

At present the Euthanasia Society is



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concentrating all its energies to obtain passage of a voluntary euthanasia bill through the New York State Legislature. This would enable any sane person over 21 suffering from a painful incurable malady to have his life ended. Let us examine how legal euthanasia would be practiced if this bill were placed on the statute books.

David Larke, who lives in a remote community near Albany, says is eligible for euthanasia. At 20 he is apprentice to a blacksmith he had studied which resulted in osteomyelitis—chronic inflammation of the marrow of his bones. During the next 18 years he submitted to 21 excruciatingly painful operations without being any closer to recovery. When told that he must undergo his 22nd with no hope of final recovery, he announced to his doctor: "I can't stand this pain any longer. Please let me die."

He fills in the official petition form addressed to the court. In abbreviated form it reads as follows:

I, David Larke, am suffering from severe physical pain caused as I am advised by my physician by a disease for which no remedy affording lasting relief or recovery is at this time known to medical science.

I am desirous of anticipating death by euthanasia and hereby petition for permission to receive euthanasia.

Accompanying the application is a certificate from the family doctor explaining the nature of disease in detail and the impossibility of any recovery.

When the judge receives the petition he appoints a committee of three persons, at least two of whom are qualified physicians. This committee visits David Larke and his family to make sure that all concerned understand the importance of the petition, and to make certain that everything is actually as represented in the documents for every precaution must be taken to prevent an abuse of euthanasia. Within five days they report that David Larke's request should be granted.

Four days later the three physicians again visit the suffering man. They ask him if he has changed his mind; if so they will not proceed with the final step. The patient repeats only that he still wishes to die.

A minute later the physician who heads the committee takes a hypodermic needle out of his bag and gives the sufferer an injection. His 18 years of prolonged torment have come to an end.

A Doctor's Confession

There are some euthanasiasts who regard the bill just described as being too restricted. Why not, they suggest, extend it to legalize euthanasia for all who are a burden to themselves and to the community: infirm moronic, mental defectives and the like, who are incapable of granting consent?

To which the Euthanasia Society replies: More will be accomplished by pressuring a measure that will probably encounter the least opposition namely, *voluntary euthanasia*. The public is ready to recognize the right to death and the right to kill, even though the latter be in mercy.

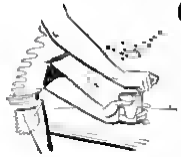
The same viewpoint is held in Britain, where the Voluntary Euthanasia Society has been functioning since 1935. Here too the enthusiasts can point to many brilliant minds that have been attracted to the movement's people like Julian Huxley, George Bernard Shaw, Clemence Dane, the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, C. E. Stern, Margaret Kennedy, Prof. H. Laski, David Low, Vera Brittain, C. E. M. Joad and Dr.



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Opening the Can

Read carefully the directions on each can giving different methods of serving or diluting Heinz Baby Foods. In case your children needs With a clean moist cloth wipe the top of the can Use a sharp sterilized can opener but do not remove the lid entirely It may then be pressed back to serve as a cover when storing the food.

Warming the Food



Sterilize any small dish such as a pyrex custard cup. Use a sterilized spoon to place the portion to be used at the feeding in the cup. Place some type of lid or cover on the dish to prevent loss of vitamin C while warming. Stand the dish in hot water for 3 to 5 minutes, just as you would a bottle Baby's food should be neither cold nor hot but tepid.



Feeding the Baby

If the young infant in high chair, lift baby on your right hand free to serve the food, which should be on a table in front of you. Use a small spoon such as a coffee spoon. A broad spoon may hurt a young baby's mouth and the next time you offer the food it might be refused A baby spoon may be used later when the child is learning to feed himself When baby is older and using a fork as a feeding, a simple and effective way is to strain the cooked meat but water for 3 or 4 minutes remove from the water with tongs, cut up and feed the baby from the can. This method is safe, economical and a time saver.

Storing the Food



When baby's meal is over empty only a small portion of the contents need at a feeding. *Serve the balance at the next* (12 ounces will nourish your baby perfectly well.) Press the partly emptied lid back in place. Then cover the can with a plastic saver or with a piece of wax paper secured by an elastic band. Covering the can will shut out odours from other foods in your refrigerator. Also it prevents baby's food from drying out and protects its flavour and vitamin content. Refrigerate baby's food may be stored in the refrigerator for 36 to 48 hours, but we should have variety in the food but it is wise to use up can as before opening, another.

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W. R. Inge, ex-Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Canadian doctors are envious of the way some of their British colleagues can openly express their views. Sir Purvis-Stewart, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.D., F.R.C.P., a distinguished medical specialist, told of the following incident in his career:

He was called to the bedside of a friend late one night. He had known her a long time that she was dying of a disease for which no cure or relief was possible. She begged for release from life.

I will not say what action I took," says Dr. Purvis-Stewart, "but next day the sufferer lived in awake.

Had I been placed in the dock and charged with the killing of that dear friend, I might perhaps under pressure of legal conditions have been convicted and condemned. Such a risk might no longer to exist.

When a recent campaign to pass the voluntary euthanasia bill through the New York State Legislature was in progress, a brief statement was published bearing the signature of 54 prominent American clergymen.

"There is nothing in the proposed measure," they declared emphatically that is contrary to the principles of morality or religion.

As might have been expected, the reaction was immediate. Clergy representing churches which reject mercy killing as the negation of all religious teachings were equally as emphatic in their replies.

The Moral Argument

At the risk of oversimplification, I shall attempt to enumerate the chief points of religious controversy and summarize the arguments advanced by both sides.

In outlining a solution of the Sixth Commandment:

According to Rt. Reverend Monsignor Robt. J. McCormick of the Archdiocese of New York, euthanasia is murder, pure and simple.

"How any man can of the Christian Protestant denomination can support legalized euthanasia is beyond comprehension," says Monsignor McCormick.

It is definitely against the natural law, the tonate, moral code, the teachings in the Old Testament of the Jewish law and the teachings of Christ.

On the other hand Mr. Potter the founder of the Euthanasia Society, is of the opinion that there is no commandment against euthanasia.

"There is not," he says, "and never was to either the original Hebrew of the Old Testament or the original Greek of the New Testament, any commandment "Thou shalt not kill." What the Old Testament the Commandments said, and what Jesus said in repeating them was, "Thou shalt not commit murder," which is quite different. All murder is killing, but not all killing is murder."

To support his claim that "Thou shalt not kill" is a mistranslation Mr. Potter says that the English Revised Version corrected it to "Thou shalt do no murder." It is also corrected in the Book of Common Prayer and in the accepted modern translations. Catholic by Dr. Knox, Protestant by Dr. Moffatt and Jewish by the Jewish Publication Society 1917.

A renowned Canadian scholar, Prof. Theophile J. Meek, professor of Oriental languages at University College, University of Toronto, agrees with Mr. Potter on the matter of translation. Prof. Meek has translated the Sixth Commandment directly from the Hebrew. "You must not commit murder."

A Jewish point of view has been expressed by Dr. Sidney Goldstein, a prominent rabbi, lecturer and writer in the field of social sciences. "Many rabbis would approve of a program of euthanasia, contending that proper safeguards," Dr. Goldstein has declared.

In a sermon at St. Paul's in Toronto, the Rt. Rev. Robert J. Renison, Anglican Bishop of Moosonee, told his congregation "The time might come when I might feel it my duty and privilege to go quietly to the God from whom I came without consulting anybody else. It is a personal thing between a man and his God.

Is Suffering Wrong?

Is suffering part of a divine plan for the good of man's soul and therefore not to be interfered with?

Roman Catholic churchmen have long upheld the doctrine that pain has been ordained by heaven to strengthen the individual and to encourage human sympathy. An outstanding view of the universe says Rev. Ignatius W. Cox, S.J., Ph.D., Professor of Ethics, Fordham University, is that human progress depends on man's ability to rise superior to pain suffering toil and labor. Every worth-while human success, every great work of art or achievement illustrates the law.

Comments Dr. W. R. Inge, ex-Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England. I do not think we can assume that God wills the prolongation of torture for the benefit of the soul of the sufferer.

As to the effect of pain on the human personality, Dr. Hugh Cabot, formerly of the Mayo Clinic, observes "I have found in my long experience that pain does not build character. Suffering does more damage to man and has spirit than it does good."

Should euthanasia be permitted inasmuch as the Almighty reserves for Himself the power to decide the moment of which life shall cease?

For 200 years," says Professor Cox of Fordham University, "the Catholic Church has answered No to euthanasia claiming that the right to destroy belongs only to one who has exclusive ownership over the thing. Catholics have always laid supreme emphasis on the individual value of human existence. Human life belongs to God—beginning development and end.

If this is so, reply several prominent clerics, doctors and jurists, one can argue that it is also morally wrong for a doctor to lengthen human life by surgery, blood plasma, penicillin and a host of other medical practices that are universally accepted by civilized society today.

Every time the question of legalizing euthanasia comes up for public discussion, one of the most frequent questions is, "In this age of rapid medical progress is it not true that the patient considered incurable today may be saved tomorrow?"

Dr. A. L. Wolbarst, treasurer of the Euthanasia Society, said at one time, associate editor of the Journal of the International College of Surgeons, discussed this point in an address delivered at New York Medical College.

We are told that it would be unwise and inhuman to administer euthanasia to a patient dying from an inoperable cancer, because a cure for cancer might be found tomorrow.

"Such a cure, when and if discovered, will be, of little, if any, value in the case of woman or far advanced in cancerous toxemia as to be an applicant for euthanasia."

Dr. Wolbarst deals with another possible danger. Since doctors sometimes err, it is not possible that euthanasia will claim the life of a patient who might otherwise recover?

"The common experience of physicians is that a man who is near to death, that he begs for merciful release, has little or no chance of recovery," says Dr. Wolbarst. "If a miraculous improvement does take place, it is only for a brief period."

The rapid advance of medical science has greatly prolonged our span of life. An unhappy result is that as man assumingly large number of people are reaching the age where degenerative diseases tend to accent. Last year for example almost 200,000 people in Canada and the United States died of cancer. The doctor therefore will seem cure to find with the question of euthanasia more frequently in time to come.

Failing an enlightened ruling from the public, the physician at the bedside of a patient torn between his oath to prolong life and the increasing inability to put a suffering human being out of his misery, must continue to make his own decision. ★



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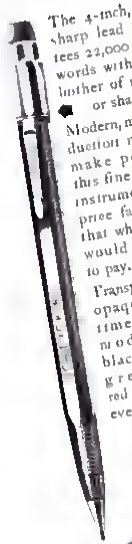
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Catfish Would Love It — An African worm exhibited in the London zoo has a face complete with whiskers. It will be a game fish that anybody hooks with this fellow.—*Toronto Star*

And No Speed Cops Needed — The street end narrow way is probably plenty wide enough for the traffic it bears.—*Brandon Sun*

Nice, Wasn't It? — Comes the full beloved of all not too hot, not too cold; no bugs in spring, no fawn to mow, and yet no frost, no flake of snow. Spring runs wild; winter's statice, fall jogs on though not rheumatic. Dwell then upon the autumn scene; earth's portrait of the happy mean.—*The Jay-Walker*

Sad Sack With Antlers—Moose standing on the right of way are not to be bumped by Alaskan trains, as it would make them sad the tourists unhappy. A moose pulling a long face in a solemn thought.—*Winnipeg Tribune*

Complete With Strings — An opera for men boldly lettered "Mother's Little Helper," is on sale, representing the most disastrous set back so far suffered by our side in the war of the sexes.—*Winnipeg Tribune*

They've Been Carried Off — Statistics show there are more automobile accidents on Saturday than Sunday. After Saturday there are not so many of the bad drivers left on the roads.—*Port Arthur Chronicle*

Particularly his Wife's—There's one way to find out what a man makes. Just ask him what income he thinks should be tax exempt.—*North Bay Nugget*

They Went That-away—We dis-remember what is the population of Canada, but we feel sure the kids on bicycles here have not been counted.—*Brandon Sun.*

Bubble Bath—Bubble gum is probably the earliest form of inflation.—*Kitchener Record*

What About Blinders?—Hair-do designers have decided to cover milady's ears again, as it was found that she hadn't been listening anyway.—*Kitchener Record*

Up Near the Prices—There are plenty of castles in the air but they are no help to the housing shortage.—*Galt Reporter*

Get a Registration Card?—Old timer: One who can remember when Ottawa was very anxious to find out how many city people are able to milk cows.—*Toronto Star*

Ugh!—Oh well. Attlee only gave the country back to the Indians.—*Brandon Sun*

Pitch-and-Tossers—Insomnia is what keeps a lot of poor innocent sheep hopping over fences all night just because one man can't sleep.—*Windsor Star*



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Bigger Than Brooklyn — The man from the Bronx was wandering on the Sahara Desert clad only in his shorts, when he met an Arab striding along in great haste.

"Where," asked the Arab, "might you be going?"

"For a swim," said the Bronxite.

A swim, friend!" was the astonished reply. "Why, the ocean is 600 miles from here."

The man from the Bronx blinked. "600 miles! Wow! Is this a beach!"—Toronto Globe & Mail.

Start Drooling—"Do what does it mean here by diplomatic phraseology?"

"My son, if you tell a girl that time stands still while you gaze into her eyes, that's diplomacy, but if you tell her that her face would stop a clock, you're in for it."—Cedarith Chronicle Telegraph.

They Also Serve—"Last time I called on you your husband was working for the government. What's he doing now?"

"Nothing—he still there."—Medicine Hat Daily News.

The Last Straw—The popular novelist Kathleen Norris, unmoved herself among the vast army of travellers who consider the passport photograph the most depressing of travel aids.

Entering the harbor of Rio de Janeiro during a South American tour, Mrs. Norris appraised her picture and then declared:

"If the port authorities don't recognize me from this atrocious picture, I can't go ashore, but if they do—if they do—I'll jump overboard!"—Sentinel Star (Ohsarg).

And She Wants It Legal—A lady from the Nebraska plains entered a county judge's chambers and asked:

"Are you the judge of reprobates?"

"I am the judge of probate," answered his honor with a pleasant smile. "Well, maybe that's it," said the lady, "my husband died detested and left three little infidels and I want to be appointed their executioner."—Stratford Beacon Herald.

Bouncer's Favorite — She — Daddy is so pleased to hear you are a poet.

He — Fine. He likes poetry then?

She — Not at all. But the last friend of mine he tried to throw out was an amateur boxer.—Evening Review, Niagara Falls.

Last Round — "The Early Thrives" was being played at a small theatre. The company numbered only eight, so the robbers passed out at the back of the stage and entered again at the front.

Unfortunately one of the robbers walked with a limp, and when he entered five times in succession a voice from the gallery cried: "Stick it, Hoppy, last lap!"—Montreal Daily Star.

Basic Arithmetic—Old Rankin settled himself in his chair and addressed his wife: "Yes, sah, gal, dat boss done cut wages half in two again. Some oh dem boys is talkin' mighty powerful 'bout it. But I ain't goin' to kick none. Way I figgers it, half of sumpin' is better'n all of nuffin'."—Galt Daily Reporter.

Sign of the Times—Bricklayer: "I'd like to work here, but I can't find a place to park my car."

Foreman: "I guess you want to. We want only bricklayers with chauffeurs. — Welland Port Colborne Evening Tribune.

Uplifting Mr. Green — "I am going to enter my dog for the show this year."

Mr. Black: "My goodness! Do you think he will win?"

Mr. G.: "No, but he will meet some very nice dogs."—Medicine Hat Daily News.



Regular exercise can do more for your good looks than a Hollywood make-up man. Some say the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" "pops" up your hair's good looks... leaves your scalp feeling refreshed. Shopping around for hair tint makes you get an handsomer than you are? Skip this way...

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Take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Must actually tingle and glow! You get circulation, rout loose dandruff help retard excessive falling hair. 10 seconds to comb, and can you see! Behold your mirror. But it's true. That is the way the handsomer you.



with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"



Live wires look the part from vigorous looking hair to go all round vital appearance. And vital young guys and girls. If you're a man with a head on his shoulders make the most of it. Remember nothing succeeds like... the Vitalis "60-Second Workout."

Everywhere BEST COOKS USE



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Economical — because SUPREME conducts heat faster and cooks evenly

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Look for the SUPREME label before you buy.
Your choice SUPREME De Luxe Heavy Duty (those to pie thick)
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METAL STAMPINGS LIMITED — TORONTO, CANADA

PARADE

CASE OF THE SUN-KISSED CLERIC

A CALIFORNIA clergyman who spent the summer working on a friend's farm in Central Ontario is safely back home now, but he'll never be the same again. After several sun-sizzling weeks in the fields he set out for California via Toronto where he arranged to attend a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous, an organization in whose good works he was very much interested.

He arrived at the informal session clad in a business suit and was introduced to the gathering as Alfred So-and-So. He enjoyed the proceedings immensely until one genial ex-alcoholic clapped him heartily on the back and exclaimed loudly:

"Well, Alf, don't you think it's about time you got rid of your big red nose?"



• • •

A special catalogue put out by a mail Western mail-order house offered bargains galore and one land mother promptly wrote in order a selection of four toys for a six months-old infant. She asked the firm to choose any four articles to the value of the money order she enclosed.

Her package arrived within a week — a big gaudy rattle, one of those large size blocks colored with safe vegetable dyes, a doll on a string to dance over the crib, and a skipping rope.

• • •

A gusty fall blast whipped around the corner of St. Mark and St. Catherine streets in Montreal the other day, whisked away with a lady's pink felt hat and deposited it contrarily beneath a parked car. A passing gentleman made the first try at recovering it but the elastic band on the hat was snared neatly on the exhaust pipe. Hair and skirt blowing in all directions, the lady stood there embarrassed, baffled and in great distress.

Then a streetcar clanked to a stop, the handsome young French Canadian motorman stepped off armed with one of those long iron crooks used to flip switches. The Gallic knight bowed from the waist and murmured, "Allow me, Madame." He went efficiently to work, poking away beneath the car quite oblivious to the honking and clanging which arose as bottlenecked traffic piled up behind his tram. Finally he straightened up with the hat defily balanced on the tip of his poker.

"Voila, Madame — not a mark upon it," he said with quiet triumph, then as she stammered her thanks he bowed again. "Toujours à votre service, Madame," he purred, bounded into his tram and went rumbling away.

• • •

One of our Edmeanu scouts recently took in an auction of unclaimed goods. There were a lot of intriguingly mysterious parcels, but all the housewives present gasped at the sight of a mixed hamper of tinned goods.

"Where will you find a bargain like this? A tin of peas, peaches, pears, beans, asparagus and a tin of pineapple!" declared the auctioneer. Then added with a twinkle in his eye, "— only empty cans, of course."

The ladies all laughed merrily at this sally and started bidding eagerly for the treasure. Finally it was knocked down to a triumphant bidder who hustled up, paid her money, braced herself to pick up the heavy case, and almost fell over backwards. Empty, just as the man said.

• • •

When the phone rings in a police station it may mean a cry of Murder, it may be only the whine of some chronic complainer, or it may even produce a call like that received by the cops in Victoria recently.



"I'm going away for the week end," explained the feminine voice on the other end. "Will you please have the constable on the beat take my washing off the line and put it in the basket in the basement at four o'clock this afternoon?"

Contributions to Parade should be of general interest, recent origin, and refer to happenings within or closely connected to Canada. Items should be accompanied by some substantiating evidence. Accepted contributions are paid for at regular rates. No contributions can be returned.

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Will he become just a memory?

The Woodland Caribou, neither as wary nor as swift in avoiding danger as the White-Tailed Deer, falls an easy prey to hunters, largely through its own sense of curiosity. Although completely protected by law in Canada, it is perhaps in more imminent danger of extermination than any other of our big-game animals.

A comprehensive story of the Woodland Caribou appears in the current issue of The Carling Conservation Club Digest.



WOODLAND CARIBOU

By Beverley Herbert



The Bison provides a striking example of how man can reduce an entire species to a mere handful of survivors, now preserved in our National Parks.

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